

HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB MARINER

ALL

NO. 19
FALL ISSUE

10¢

WINNERS

COMICS



SEE

THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND SUB-MARINER
BATTLE THE WORLD'S
MOST FEARFUL
VILLAIN IN A
COMPLETE,
SIZZLING,
ACTION
THRILLER!

WHILE THEY LAST

Amazing New Quick Sight

NEW 6 POWER TELESCOPE

Flying • Camping • Sailing

See Six Times More Than The Naked Eye

Here is the most exciting telescope offer we've ever made! This six powered, low priced, model telescope can mean thrills and adventure near your own home! Just available since the war, see for blocks, six times clearer than before, really fine vision from a low cost telescope. See and identify objects at distance—often blurred to the naked eye. See people, animals, signs, blocks away. This big value new telescope results from today's mass production. It's over 19 inches long when extended! *Three* sections; each lens optically ground, polished. Details stand out, a breath-taking close up of many objects. Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity today! Mail the coupon now.

Be Yours • Do What Bob and Betty Did:

LOOK AT THIS AD, SIS, I always wanted a good TELESCOPE

I can't believe the price is so low—let's send for it today

Gee, it's a beauty—it must be over 19 in. long and it's so easy to use

I can see for blocks Details, too

All the fellows want telescopes now, I have so much fun with mine!

We took a nature study trip and I saw twice as many birds as anyone

FELLOWS! GIRLS! if you want one of these swell TELESCOPES... just fill in coupon below and mail today!

**YOURS WITHOUT EXTRA COST
SHOULDER CARRYING CASE**

A gift with every 6 POWER TELESCOPE purchased. Water-proof, oil-proof; real protection in worst weather. Whip-smart over-the-shoulder style you'll be proud to carry with you! Gives service—guards against accidental damage! This generous gift offer is for limited time only. So don't waste a minute! Fill out coupon and mail today!

SEND NO MONEY • MAIL COUPON

Your name and address is enough! Just fill in coupon and send today. On arrival deposit just \$1.64 and C.O.D. postage. Try your new telescope for 10 days and if you are not delighted, if you are not completely satisfied just return for prompt refund.

**MILLER AND CO.,
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

TEST 10 DAYS

at Our Risk!

Use convenient coupon below and mail at once. When wonderful new telescope arrives try it, use it for 10 days and prove to yourself what a marvelous offer this really is. If in that time you aren't convinced that it's the most exciting experience you ever had just return and every penny will be refunded at once!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

Miller & Company, Dept. 54-K
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the NEW 6 POWER TELESCOPE (3 section) with over-the-shoulder style carrying case, at once! On arrival I will pay postman just \$1.64 plus C.O.D. postage

(Cash with order, we pay postage). If not delighted I may return for cash refund.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

ALL WINNERS



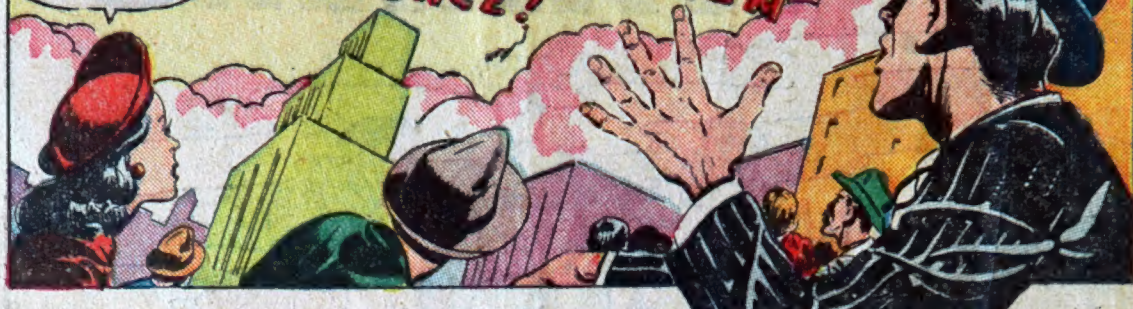
FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME THERE HAS BEEN CRIME! EVIL MEN HAVE STOLEN AND MURDERED! BUT THROUGH THE AGES THERE HAVE ALSO RISEN PROTECTORS OF JUSTICE, WHO HAVE CRUSHED INFAMY! TODAY, OUR CHAMPIONS OF LAW AND HUMANITY ARE THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL TIME --- **THE ALL WINNERS SQUAD** --- WHO NOW MEET TO STRIKE AGAINST A MASTER CRIMINAL, **ISBISA**, WHO PLOTTED THE MOST ASTOUNDING OF ALL CRIMES ---

"THE CRIME of the AGES!"

APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, THIS AMAZING CASE BEGINS IN SPECTACULAR FASHION.

LOOK! LETTERS OF FIRE IN THE SKY!

**CALLING CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB-MARINER, MISS AMERICA
WHIZZER! EMERGENCY!
GO TO CITY MUSEUM
AT ONCE!**

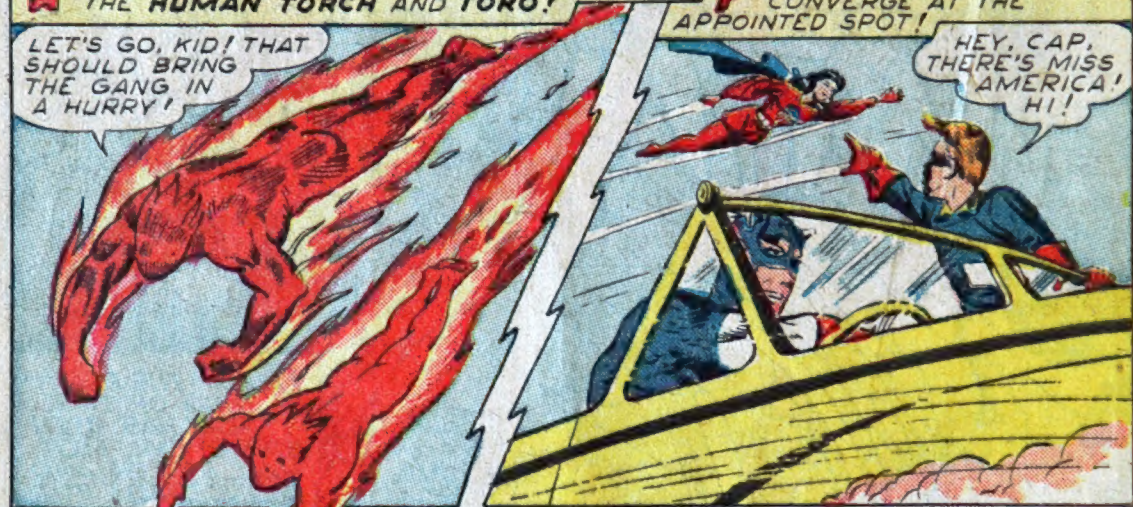


AND THE SKY-WRITERS OF THAT FIERY SUMMONS-- THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO!

LET'S GO, KID! THAT SHOULD BRING THE GANG IN A HURRY!

FROM ALL POINTS THEY CONVERGE AT THE APPOINTED SPOT!

HEY, CAP. THERE'S MISS AMERICA! HI!



AND SPEEDY WHIZZER AND WATER-CLEAVING SUB-MARINER!

HEY, THIS IS NO TIME TO TAKE A BATH!

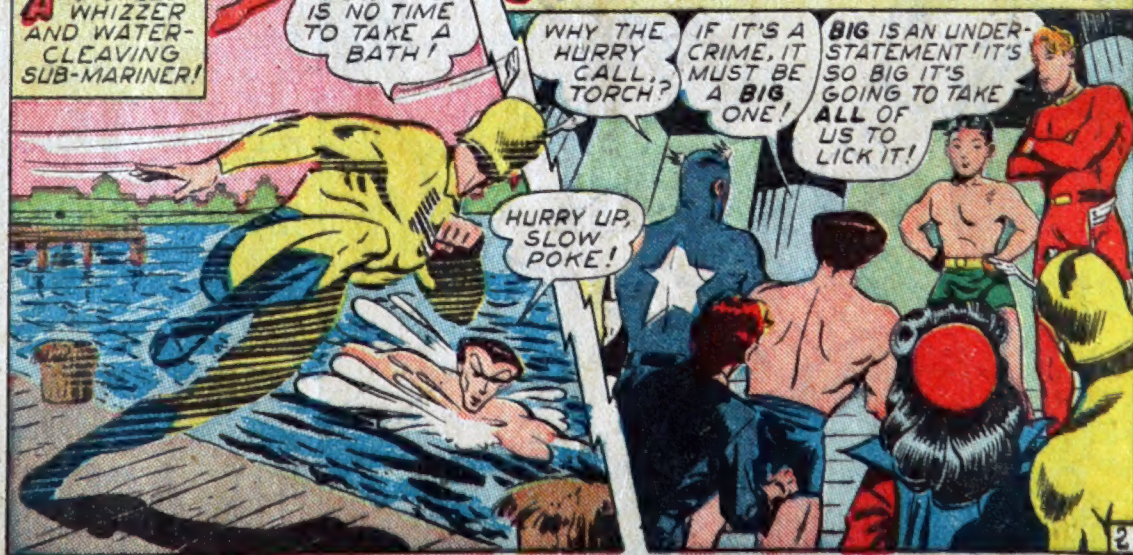
SOON THE TOP CRIME-FIGHTERS ARE ASSEMBLED!

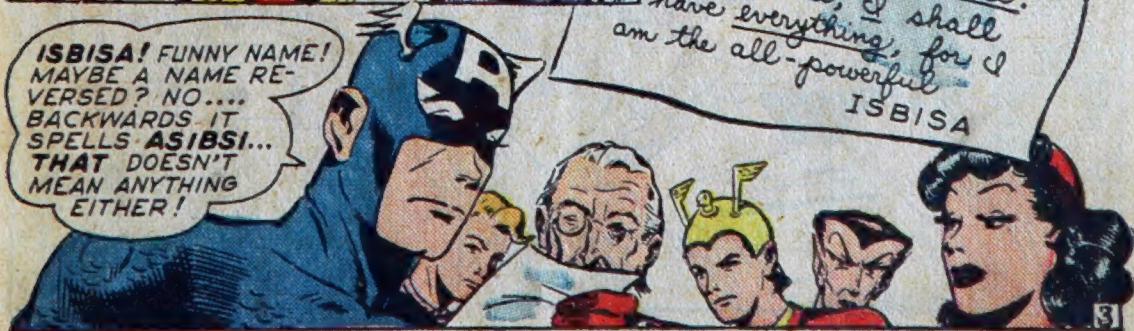
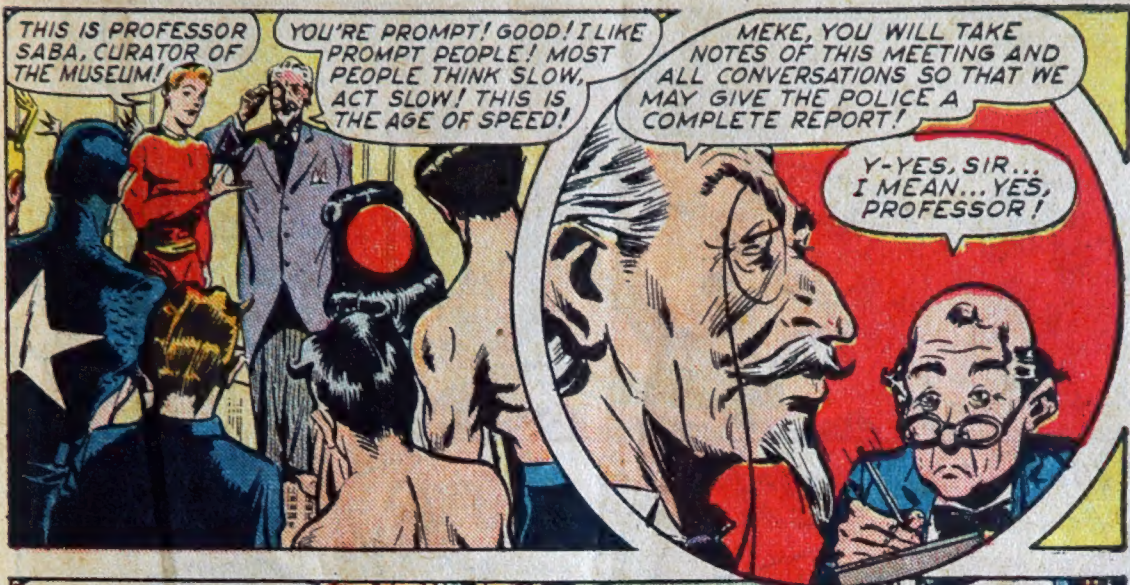
WHY THE HURRY CALL, TORCH?

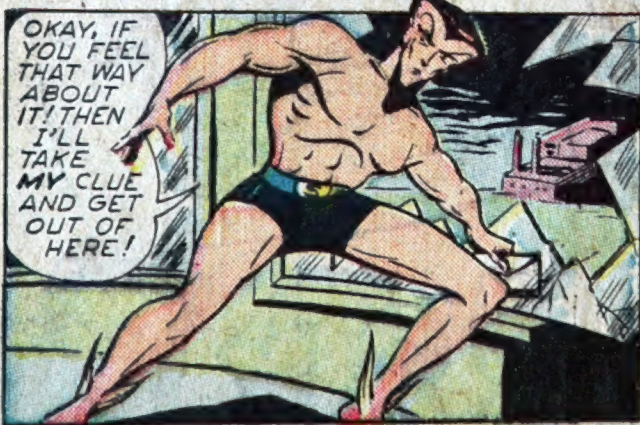
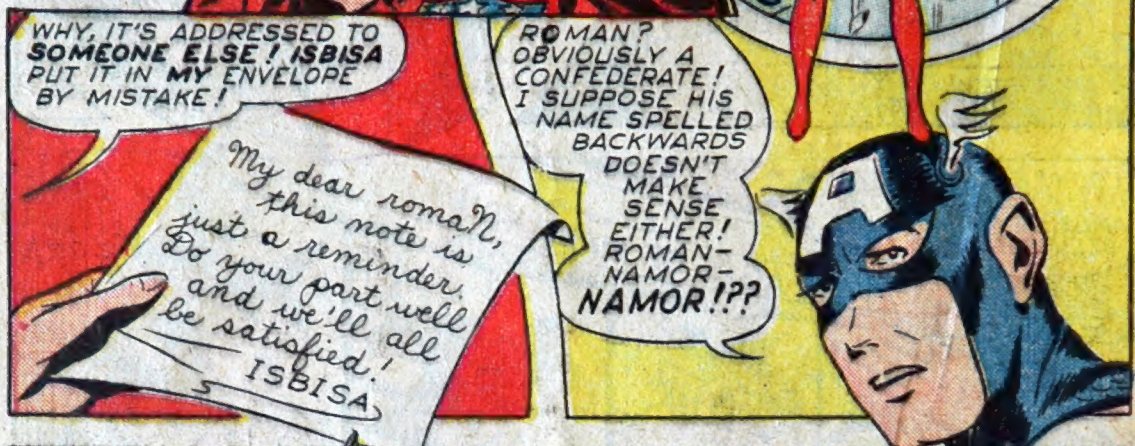
IF IT'S A CRIME, IT MUST BE A BIG ONE!

BIG IS AN UNDER-STATEMENT! IT'S SO BIG IT'S GOING TO TAKE ALL OF US TO LICK IT!

HURRY UP, SLOW POKE!







HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO BE SORE! THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A PAL! I'M GOING TO STICK WITH HIM AWHILE SO HE DOESN'T FEEL SO BAD!



HEY, NAMOR...I'M GOING WITH YOU!

TORO...WAIT...TORO!



WHAT A STEW! NAMOR STEAMING AND NOW TORO SIMMERING!

IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT KID AND I EVER HAD A SERIOUS SQUABBLE!



ARE YOU PEOPLE CONCERNED ONLY WITH YOURSELVES, OR ARE YOU GOING TO APPREHEND THIS ISBISA CRIMINAL?

S-SHALL I CALL THE POLICE, INSTEAD, PROFESSOR?

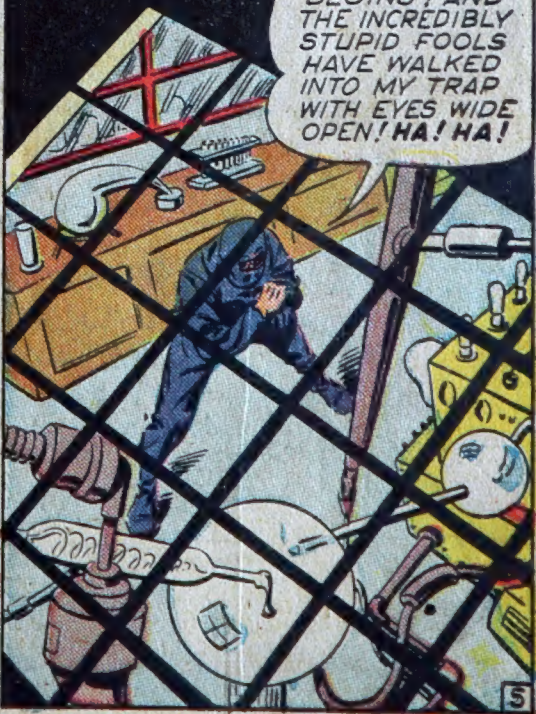


WELL, GANG, NAMOR MAY HAVE WORKED UP THIS ISBISA CHALLENGE AS A GAG, BUT AS PUBLIC SERVANTS WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES... WE'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH!



AND LATER, ISBISA, CRIMINAL OF THE AGES, MAKES PREPARATIONS!

HA! HA! IT BEGINS! AND THE INCREDIBLY STUPID FOOLS HAVE WALKED INTO MY TRAP WITH EYES WIDE OPEN! HA! HA!



CAPTAIN AMERICA

CHAPTER
2

FIRST TO LEAD OFF IN THE PRELIMINARY BOUT WITH ISBISA, THE CRIMINAL OF THE AGES, ARE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! FOR THEM IS THE TRYING TASK OF SOLVING THE CASE OF "THE IDOL WITH THE STARRY EYES," PRODUCT OF

THE AGE OF BRONZE!

IF YOU WOULD
SEEK THE AGE
OF BRONZE, WHY
NOT VISIT THE
MUSEUM OF ART?

ISBISA

FROM THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY TO THE MUSEUM OF ART! ALL SET, KID?

AYE,
AYE,
CAP'N!

IF YOU WOULD
SEEK THE AGE
OF BRONZE, WHY
NOT VISIT THE
MUSEUM OF ART?

AS CAP AND BUCKY APPROACH THE MUSEUM, SHREWD EYES WATCH...

PORKY, WILL YA LOOK... IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WHAT'S HE DOIN' HERE? MAYBE HE'S WISE TO US!

HOW COULD HE BE?

HE'S PROBABLY AN ART LOVER! FERGIT HIM! BESIDES, THE PLAN **ISBISA** WOIKED OUT FER US WOULD FOOL EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA!

CELLINI, YOU GO INTO YER MAD ACT JUST LIKE WE PLANNED! IN CASE CAPTAIN AMERICA GETS NOSY, WE'LL SLAP HIM DOWN!

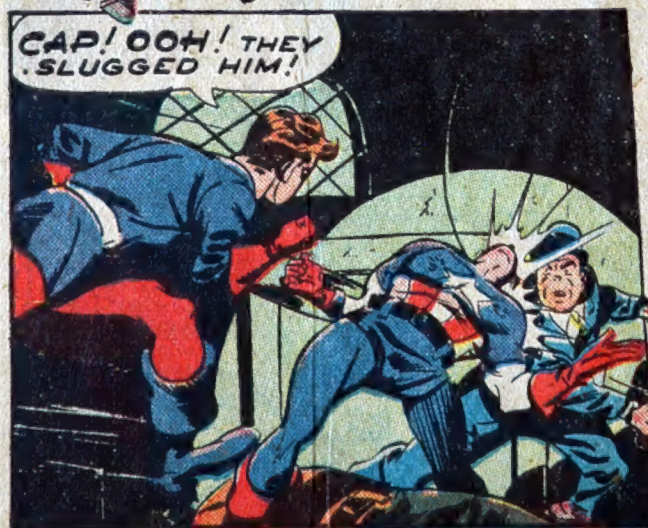
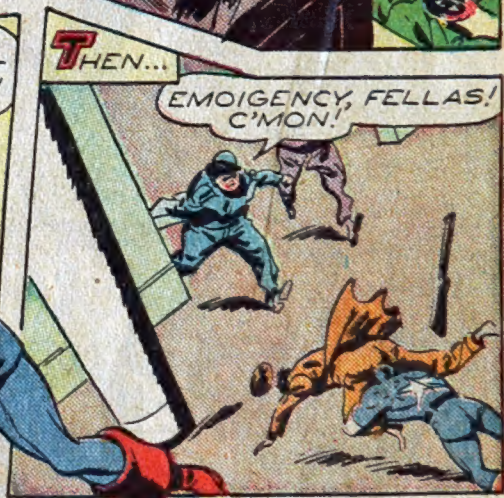
MEANWHILE, CAP CONFERS WITH THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR...

WELL, OF COURSE OUR MOST VALUABLE BRONZE PIECE IS "THE IDOL WITH THE STARRY EYES!"

I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT!

AND IN THE GREAT HALL OF SCULPTURE...

THERE IT IS—"THE IDOL WITH THE STARRY EYES..." ACTUALLY AN OLD CHINESE IDOL WITH PRICELESS **STAR SAPPHIRES** FOR EYES!





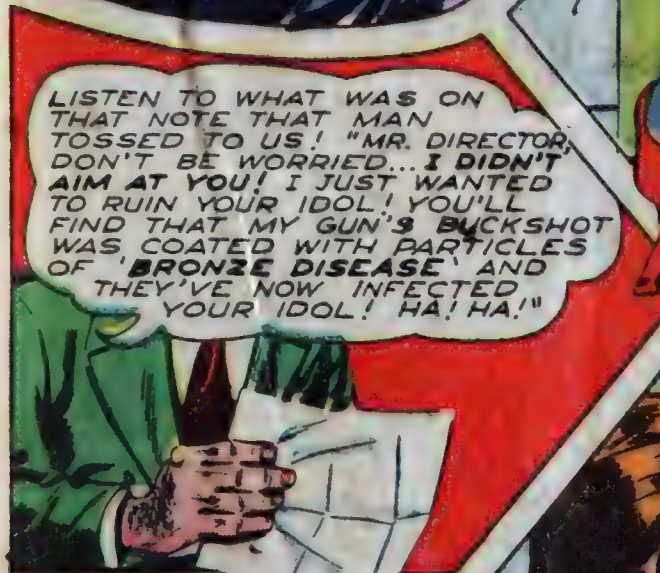
LEGGO, I'LL...
UGH!

NOW LET'S
GET OUTTA
HERE-- BUT
FAST!



LATER...
BUCKY...
YOU'RE
SURE
YOU'RE
OKAY
NOW?

SURE...EXCEPT
THAT I FEEL
LIKE I'M ON A
MERRY-GO-
ROUND! THAT
FLOOR KEEPS
SPINNING!

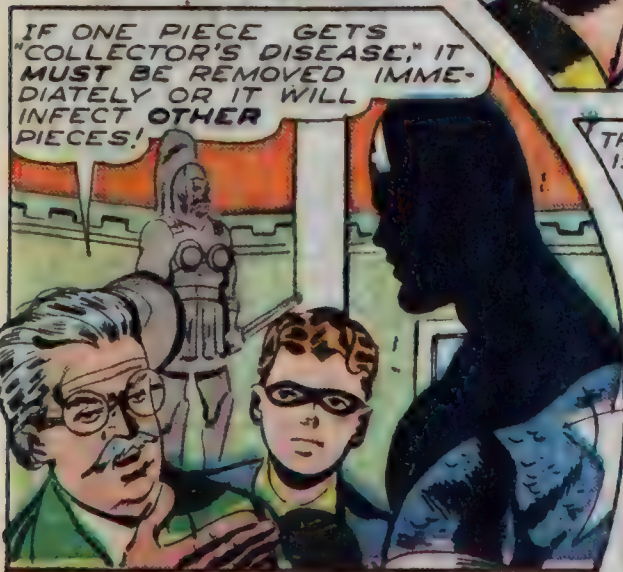


LISTEN TO WHAT WAS ON
THAT NOTE THAT MAN
TOSSED TO US! "MR. DIRECTOR,
DON'T BE WORRIED... I DIDN'T
AIM AT YOU! I JUST WANTED
TO RUIN YOUR IDOL! YOU'LL
FIND THAT MY GUN'S BUCKSHOT
WAS COATED WITH PARTICLES OF
'BRONZE DISEASE' AND
THEY'VE NOW INFECTED
YOUR IDOL! HA! HA!"

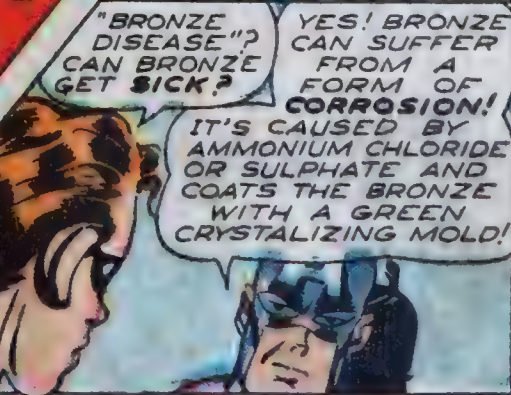
"BRONZE
DISEASE"?
CAN BRONZE
GET SICK?

YES! BRONZE
CAN SUFFER
FROM A
FORM OF
CORROSION!

IT'S CAUSED BY
AMMONIUM CHLORIDE
OR SULPHATE AND
COATS THE BRONZE
WITH A GREEN
CRYSTALLIZING MOLD!



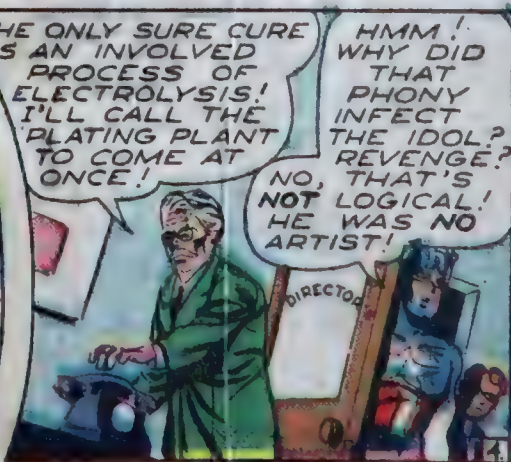
IF ONE PIECE GETS
"COLLECTOR'S DISEASE," IT
MUST BE REMOVED IMME-
DIATELY OR IT WILL
INFECT OTHER
PIECES!



THE ONLY SURE CURE
IS AN INVOLVED
PROCESS OF
ELECTROLYSIS!
I'LL CALL THE
PLATING PLANT
TO COME AT
ONCE!

HMM! WHY DID
THAT
PHONY
INFECT
THE IDOL?
REVENGE?

NO, THAT'S
NOT LOGICAL!
HE WAS NO
ARTIST!



DIRECTOR

I THINK THOSE MEN WERE **BANDITS!** THEY INFECTED THE IDOL SO IT WOULD BE TAKEN OUT OF THE MUSEUM!

EXACTLY! THEY INTEND TO HIJACK THE PLANT TRUCK! IT WOULD BE EASY ON THE HIGHWAY! THEY'RE AFTER THE **STAR SAPPHIRES!**

A NEW PLAN IS DEvised TO DEFEAT THE BANDITS...

THERE! THE IDOL IS SAFE INSIDE THE ARMORED TRUCK! AND THAT POLICE ESCORT SHOULD DISCOURAGE ANY HIJACKING!

DEAR ME! THAT EMPTY SPACE... NOT VERY ARTISTIC! I'LL CALL OUR WAREHOUSE AND HAVE THEM SEND UP ANOTHER BRONZE STATUE TONIGHT!

WELL, IT WAS SURE EASY TO MESS UP THE PLANS OF THESE BANDITS, CAP!

THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME! THEIR METHOD OF INFECTING THE BRONZE WAS TOO BRAZEN! IT POINTED TO A HIJACK SO OBVIOUSLY... TOO OBVIOUSLY!

NIGHT... A LARGE TRUCK PULLS UP BEFORE THE BACK OF THE MUSEUM, NOW CLOSED FOR THE EVENING

HERE'S THAT PIECE YOU CALLED UP ABOUT!

RIGHT INSIDE, BOYS! EASY NOW! CAREFUL!

SUDDENLY!

WHY, YOU'RE NOT OUR MEN...

OOHH!

RIGHT, PALLY! WE SLUGGED YOUR TRUCKBOYS AND CHANGED PLACES!

TIE HIM UP SHIV!

ISBISA FIGURES A SWEET
SETUP! WE USE THE IDOL
AS A RED HERRING... SO
THEY'D MOVE IT OUT AND
WE MOVE IN! NOW WE
CAN GRAB THEM
EXPENSIVE PAINT-
INGS, WHICH IS
WHAT WE'RE
REALLY AFTER!

BUT SUDDENLY!

RIGHT! YOU
FOOLED
EVERYBODY
BUT CAP!

YOU TWO
AGAIN?

DON'T CROWD
ME, BOY!

YOUR KID AIN'T
DOIN' SO GOOD!
MY FRIEND
"TOMMY" DON'T
LIKE HIM! AND
HE SPITS BULLETS,
UNDERSTAND?

HUH?
ALL
RIGHT,
PORKY!
I'LL
QUIT!

CAP! FORGET
ME! SAIL
INTO THESE
GUYS!

AND RATHER THAN RISK BUCKY'S
LIFE, CAP GIVES IN...

THE GREAT CAPTAIN
AMERICA... FIT TO
BE TIED! HAW! HAW!

YOU FAT SLAB
OF HAM! FOR
TWO CENTS I'D
BUST THESE
ROPES AND
SLAP YOU
IN THE
SNOOT!

HERE'S YOUR TWO CENTS,
LOUDMOUTH! GO AHEAD
AN' BREAK LOOSE!
I'M WAITIN'!

HAW! HEY, SHIV... YOU WATCH THESE PUNKS WHILE ME AND THE BOYS START LOADIN' PAINTINGS INTO THE TRUCK!

OKAY, PORKY!

CAP RUBS HIS BONDS OVER THE SAWTOOTH EDGES OF A BROKEN LIGHT BULB!

THEN COMES THE ANSWER TO CAP'S TEASING OF PORKY! FOR, SNAGGING A PENNY, CAP UNSCREWS THE BULB AND INSERTS THE PENNY IN THE SOCKET!

THEN, BLACKOUT!

THE LIGHTS! THEY'RE OUT!

UGH!

AND SO ARE YOU, BROTHER!

AND IN THE OUTER HALLWAY...

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!

I'LL BET THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA DID IT!

THERE HE IS! POUR IT INTO HIM!

BUT, SURPRISINGLY THE STALWART FIGURE REMAINS UPRIGHT, UNMOVING! A LIGHTER PROVIDES THE STARTLING SOLUTION!

IT'S A STATUE OF A WRESTLER!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

THEN COMES THE STORM!

YAHOO!
NICE FIGHT,
EH, CAP?

IT'LL DO TILL
OUR NEXT ONE
COMES ALONG!

LATER, WHEN EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL...

NICE GOING, CAP! WHEN YOU STUCK THAT COPPER PENNY IN THE FIXTURE, YOU SHORT-CIRCUITED ALL THE ELECTRIC CURRENT!

TCH, TCH, BUCKY... THAT WASN'T A COPPER PENNY!

ALL MODERN PENNY COINS ARE COMPOSED OF COPPER AND TIN, MAKING THE ALLOY BRONZE!

BRONZE GOT US INTO THIS MESS, AND NOW BRONZE GETS US OUT OF IT!

WE'RE NOT OUT YET! NOT UNTIL WE LOCATE ISBISA... AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH PORKY COULD BE PERSUADED TO TALK!

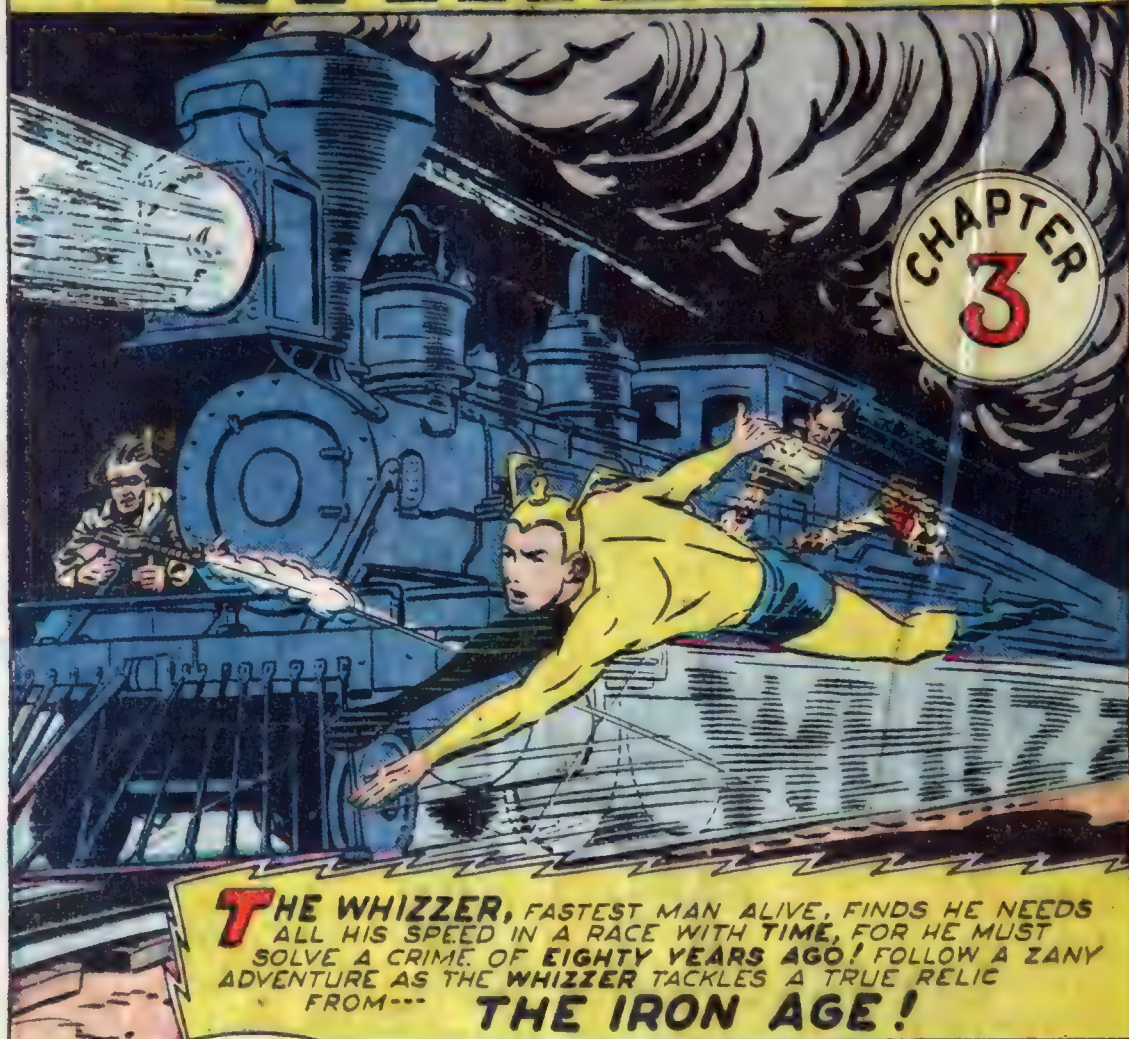
AND IN HIS HIDDEN SANCTUM...THE ELUSIVE ISBISA MUSES...

HA! HA! IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW! I WONDER HOW THE STUPID CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FARING? HA! HA! HE'S SO SURE OF HIMSELF! SO SURE! THE BLIND FOOL!



WHIZZER

CHAPTER
3



THE WHIZZER, FASTEST MAN ALIVE, FINDS HE NEEDS ALL HIS SPEED IN A RACE WITH TIME, FOR HE MUST SOLVE A CRIME OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO! FOLLOW A ZANY ADVENTURE AS THE WHIZZER TACKLES A TRUE RELIC FROM---

THE IRON AGE!

THE
SECOND CLUE!

WHIZZER,
CALL ON MOVIE
DIRECTOR CAMERON,
AND LEARN ABOUT
THE IRON AGE.

ISBISA

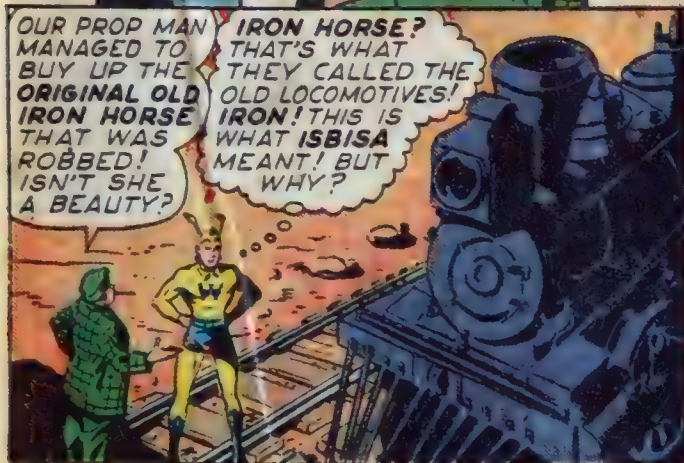
IF I REMEMBER AN ITEM IN A MOVIE GOSSIP COLUMN CORRECTLY, CAMERON IS OUT ON THE FLATLANDS, MAKING A NEW PICTURE!



LATER...THE FAR-FLUNG MOVIE SET ON PRAIRIE FLATLANDS...



WE'RE FILMING THE LIFE OF THAT OLD TRAIN ROBBER, MAL BRENNINGS! THE SCENE WE'RE SHOOTING IS WHERE BRENNINGS' MOB ROBBS A TRAIN OF ITS GOLD SHIPMENT! FUNNY THING, IN REAL LIFE THAT GOLD WAS NEVER RECOVERED...



OUR PROP MAN MANAGED TO BUY UP THE ORIGINAL OLD IRON HORSE THAT WAS ROBBED! ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY?

IRON HORSE? THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED THE OLD LOCOMOTIVES! IRON! THIS IS WHAT ISBISA MEANT! BUT WHY?

MEANWHILE...IN THE MAKE-UP TRAILER WHERE ACTORS PREPARE FOR THE NEXT SCENE...



HURRY UP, CLARK! TIME FOR US TO GO ON!



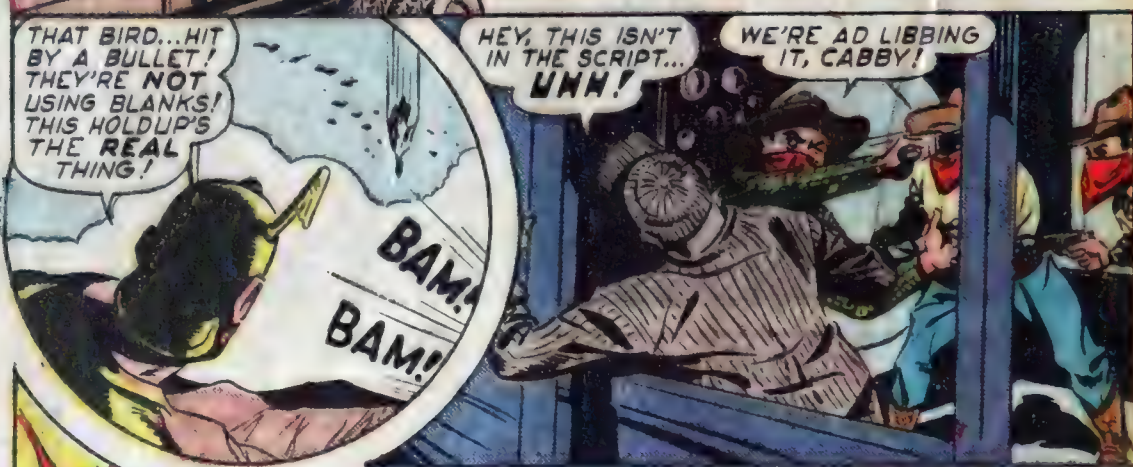
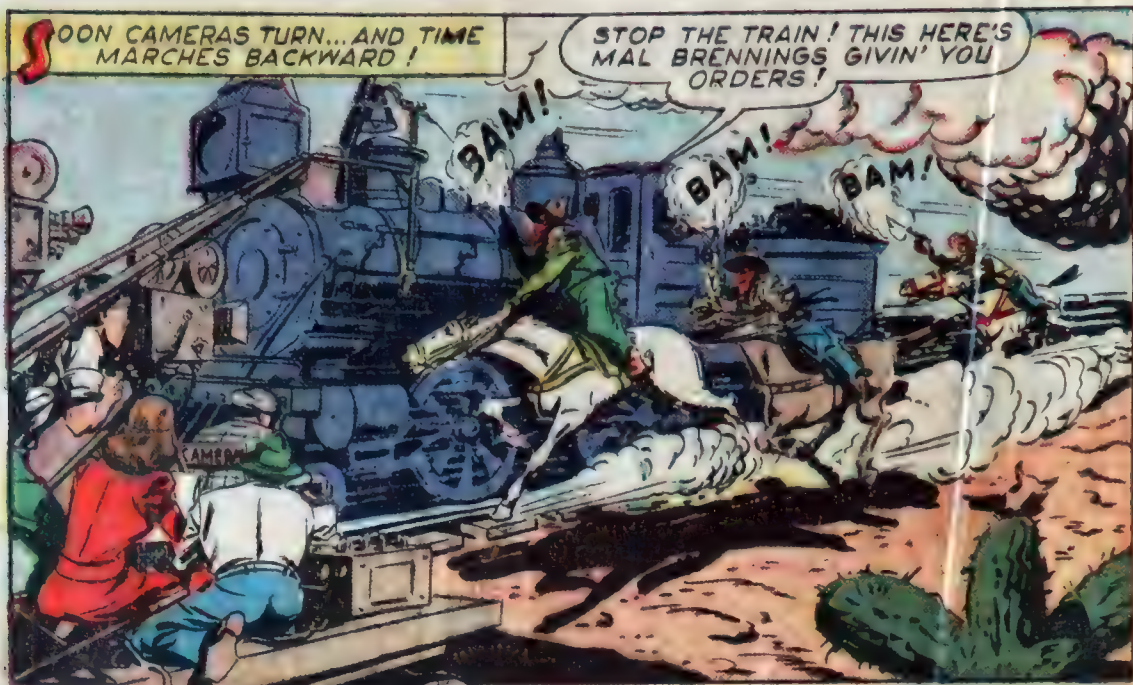
BUT SUDDENLY—VISITORS! RELAX, GUYS! YOU AIN'T MAKIN' THE NEXT ACT!

YEAH... WE'RE GOIN' INTO A LITTLE ACT OF OUR OWN!



WHEN THE ACTORS ARE BOUND AND GAGGED... NOW WITH THE HANKY MASKS OVER OUR FACES, WE'LL LOOK JUST LIKE THEM ACTORS IN COSTUME!

GEE, SHUT-EYE, THAT ISBISA FIGURES EVERYTHING!



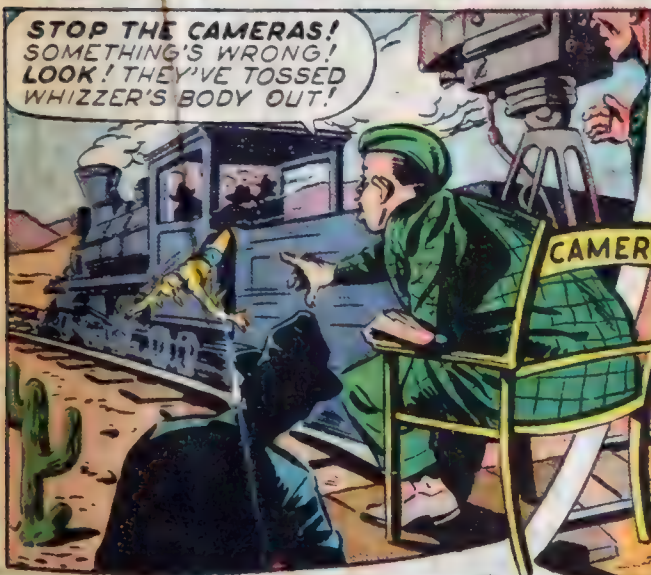
SUDDENLY, SNATCHING UP A CAN OF LUBRICATING OIL, SHUT-EYE DASHES THE LIQUID UNDER WHIZZER'S FEET ...

... AND BEING UNABLE TO STOP, WHIZZER'S OWN SPEED DEFEATS HIM!



WHEN WHIZZER IS REVIVED...

STOP THE CAMERAS! SOMETHING'S WRONG! LOOK! THEY'VE TOSSED WHIZZER'S BODY OUT!



... AND THEY HOPPED ABOARD THE **STREAMLINER** WHEN IT STOPPED!

WHIZZER, I'LL GIVE YOU \$25,000 FOR YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY IF YOU CATCH THOSE GUYS AND FIX IT SO I CAN FILM YOU DOING IT! IT'LL BE SENSATIONAL STUFF!



WARM SPRINGS CAN USE THAT MONEY! CLIMB ABOARD! WE'RE GOING TO MOVE!

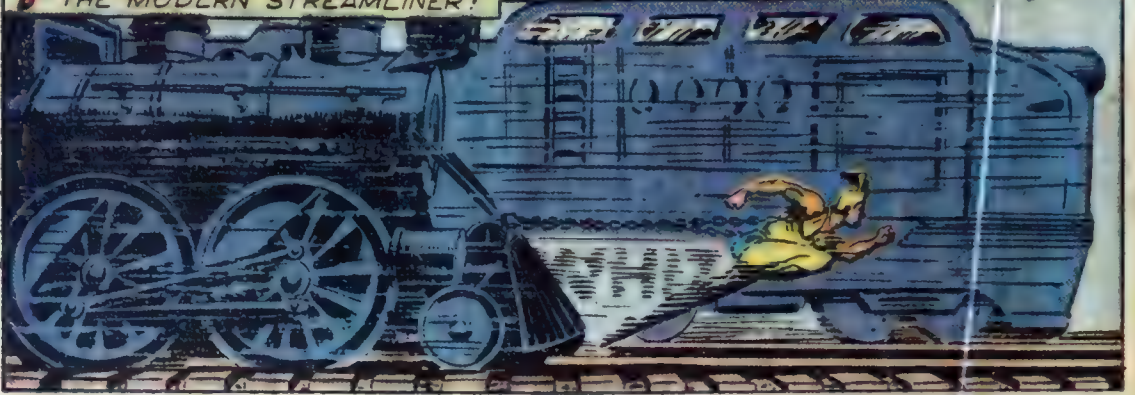


HANG ON! I'M GOING TO PUT ON MORE SPEED!



THOUGH OF NORMAL STRENGTH, WHIZZER CAN PULL THE IRON HORSE, BECAUSE HIS TREMENDOUS SPEED NEVER ALLOWS THE STRAINING WEIGHT TO "CATCH UP" WITH HIS BODY-STRENGTH:

THEN, IN THIS BIZARRE RACE, THE OLD IRON HORSE FROM THE PAST GAINS UPON THE MODERN STREAMLINER!



SLIPPING FROM HIS HARNESS, THE WHIZZER HURTTLES FORWARD AS IF SHOT FROM A CANNON! THEN...



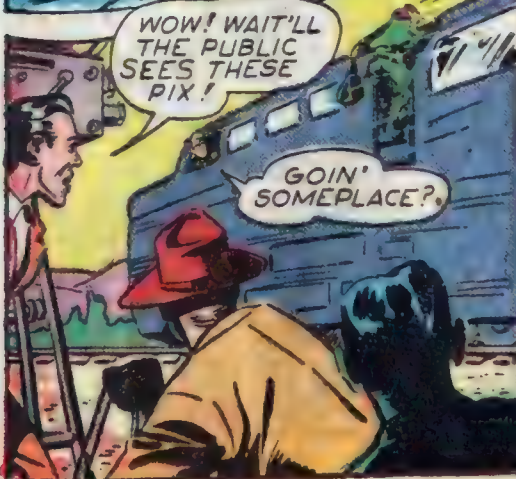
EAT LEAD, YOU--OOH!

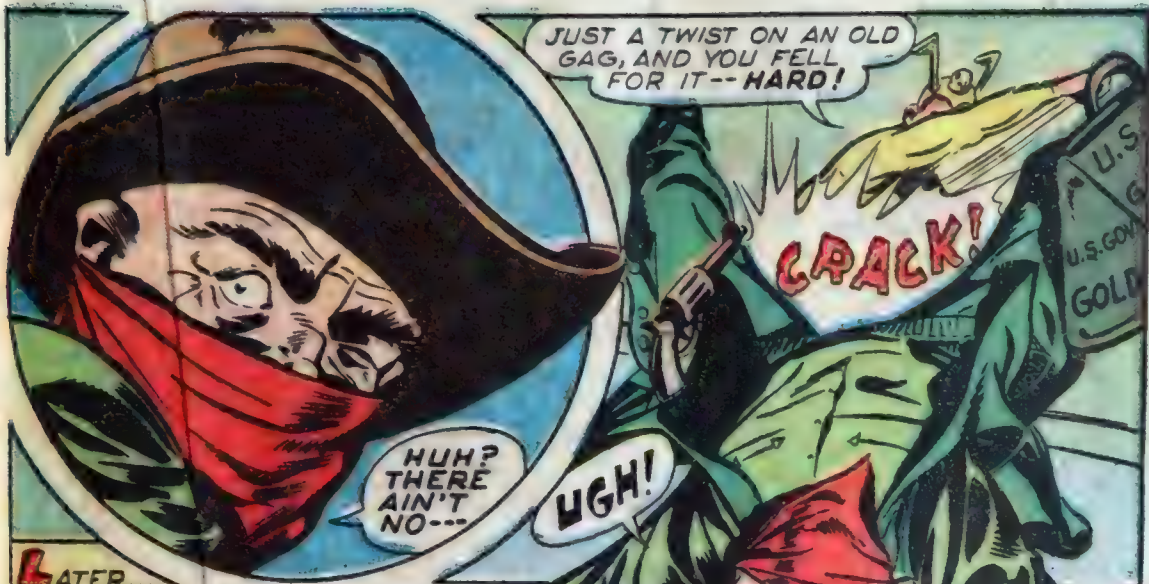
YOU'RE TOO SLOW, CHUMP!



OKAY, WISE GUY, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT BEATIN' BULLETS!

YOU FOOL! LOOK OUT! LOW BRIDGE... THE TUNNEL!





LATER...
COMES
EXPLANATIONS...

WHEN THE ORIGINAL
MAL BRENNINGS
BOARDED THE
IRON HORSE IN
1887, A POSSE
WAS CLOSING IN
SO FAST, HE COULDN'T
LEAVE...YET THE
TRAIN'S GOLD WAS
NEVER FOUND! BUT
HERE IT IS! WHERE
DID SHUT-EYE GET
IT?

LEGEND SAYS
BRENNINGS **TOSSED**
THE **GOLD OUT**
SOMEWHERE SO IT
COULDN'T BE USED
AS EVIDENCE
AGAINST HIM!

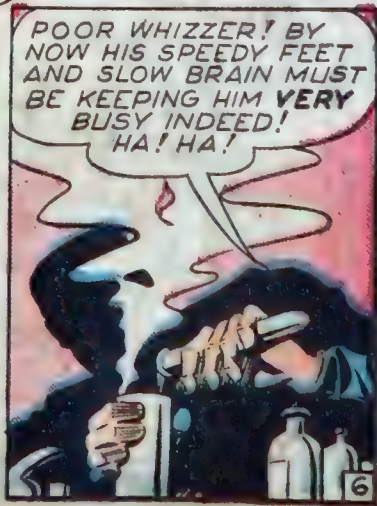
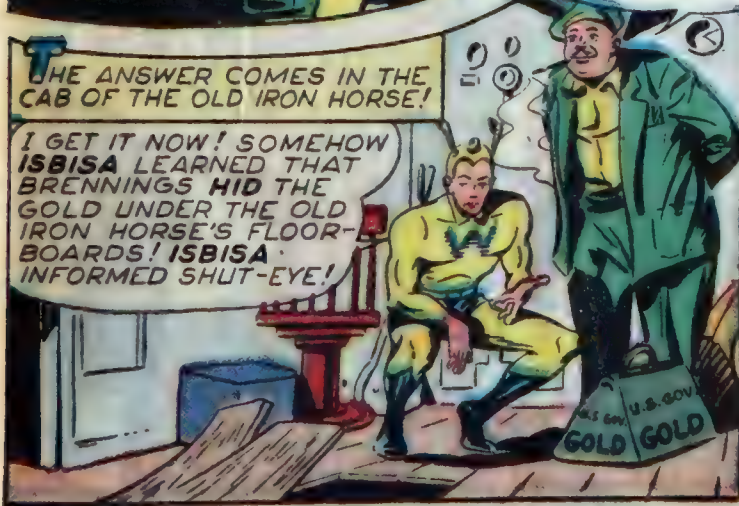
WELL, WHADDYA
KNOW! THE IRON
HORSE WAS
"GOLD-PLATED"
ALL THE TIME!

AND THE FANTASTIC
ISBISA REMAINS AS
MYSTERIOUS AS EVER!

THE ANSWER COMES IN THE
CAB OF THE OLD IRON HORSE!

I GET IT NOW! SOMEHOW
ISBISA LEARNED THAT
BRENNINGS **HID** THE
GOLD UNDER THE OLD
IRON HORSE'S FLOOR-
BOARDS! **ISBISA**
INFORMED SHUT-EYE!

POOR WHIZZER! BY
NOW HIS SPEEDY FEET
AND SLOW BRAIN MUST
BE KEEPING HIM **VERY**
BUSY INDEED!
HA! HA!



THE HUMAN TORCH

CHAPTER
4

WITHOUT TORO, THE HUMAN TORCH IS LIKE A MAN WHO HAS LOST HIS RIGHT HAND. BUT BEFORE HIS ASSIGNMENT IS OVER, THE TORCH WILL HAVE WORKED WITH A NEW PARTNER TO CRACK OPEN A NEW RACKET OF...

"The STEEL AGE"

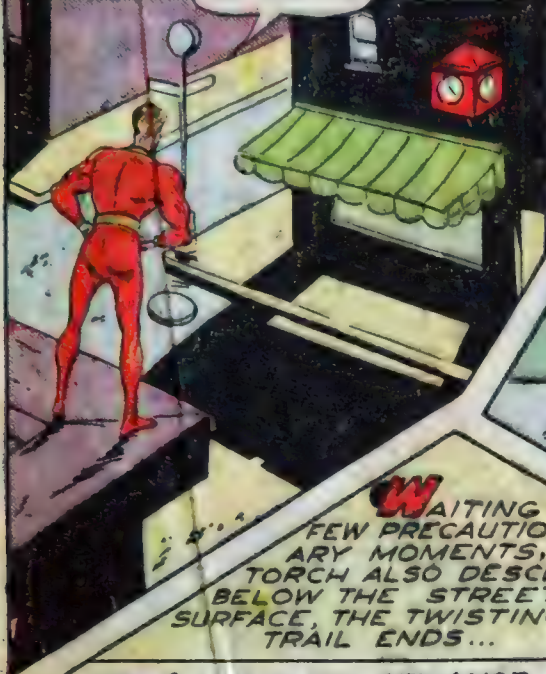
THE THIRD CLUE!

HUMAN TORCH,
WATCH THE MANHOLE
COVER AT 86TH STREET
AND SULLY AVENUE AT
5 P.M. AND LEARN A
SECRET OF THE
STEEL AGE.

ISBISA

FEELS FUNNY GOING ON A CASE WITHOUT THE KID, BUT I WON'T LET MYSELF THINK ABOUT IT TILL AFTER WE GET ISBISA!

THE TIME AND THE SPOT, EH, TORO? OH... I FORGOT... THE KID ISN'T HERE! TALKING OVER THINGS WITH HIM GOT TO BE A HABIT!



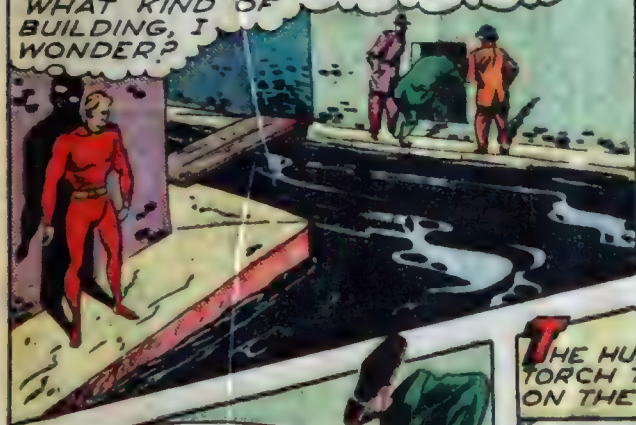
SUDDENLY!
FIVE ON THE DOT!
TIME TO MOVE, BOYS!

WHA...? THEY'RE GOING DOWN INTO THE MANHOLE! COULD THAT BE WHAT ISBISA'S NOTE MEANT?



WAITING A FEW PRECAUTIONARY MOMENTS, THE TORCH ALSO DESCENDS! BELOW THE STREET SURFACE, THE TWISTING TRAIL ENDS...

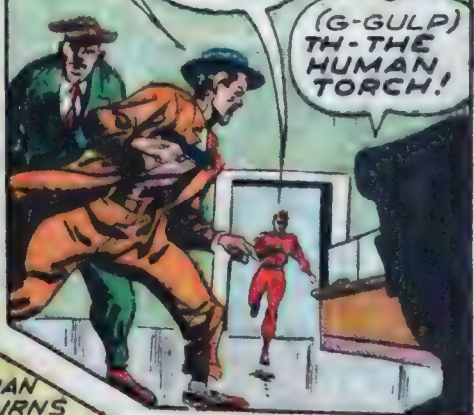
HUH? A SECRET ENTRANCE LEADING INTO THAT BUILDING! WHAT KIND OF BUILDING, I WONDER?



THIS BANK'S ALL SET FOR A CLEANING!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!

(G-GULP)
TH-THE HUMAN TORCH!



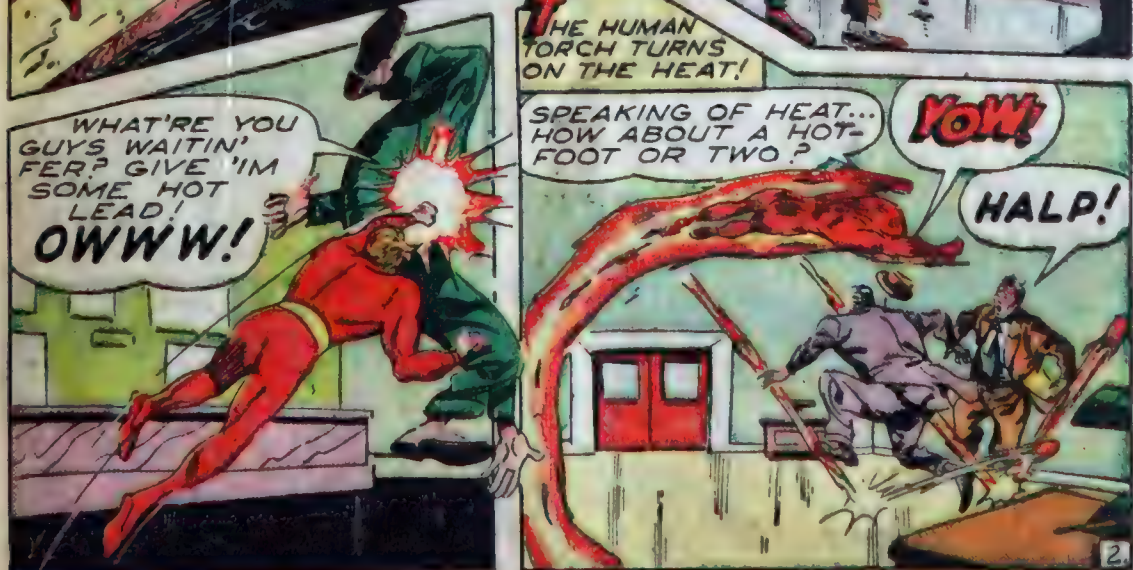
THE HUMAN TORCH TURNS ON THE HEAT!

WHAT'RE YOU GUYS WAITIN' FER? GIVE 'IM SOME HOT LEAD!
OWWW!

SPEAKING OF HEAT... HOW ABOUT A HOT-FOOT OR TWO?

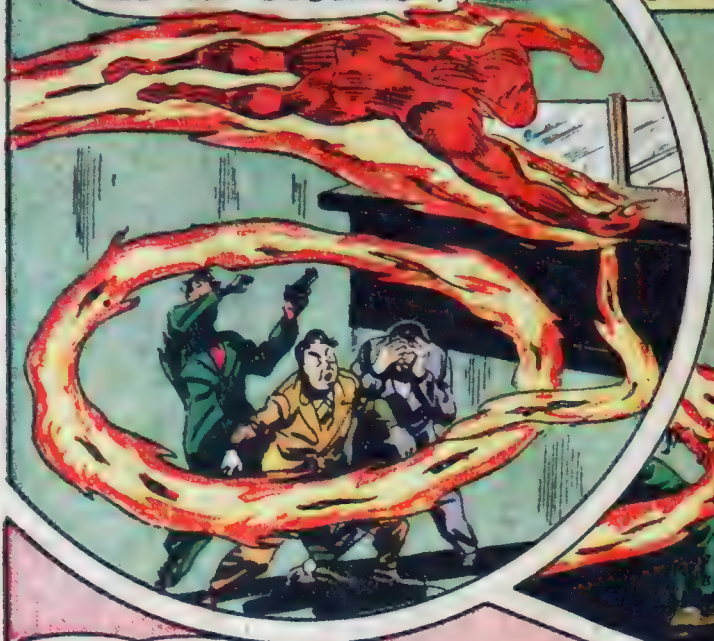
YOW!

HALP!



THEN A FIERY RING SETTLES ABOUT THE WOULD-BE KILLERS...

NOW JUST STAY PUT INSIDE THAT RED-HOT DOUGHNUT!



BUT AS THE TORCH FLAMES OFF, A GUN DROPPING FROM NERVELESS FINGERS FALLS THROUGH A HOT FLAME! A CARTRIDGE EXPLODES. AND...

SNAP!

OW!

BANG!

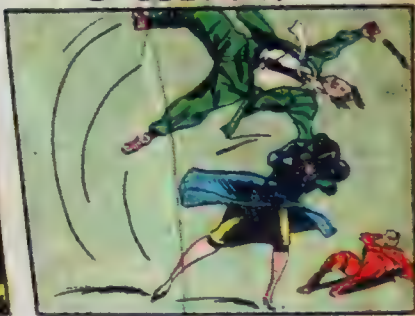


NOW I'M GONNA GIVE THE TORCH A TASTE OF COLD STEEL!



CLICK!

SEMI-CONSCIOUS, THE TORCH SEES WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN ILLUSION... A SLIP OF A GIRL ENTERING AND TOSSING THE KILLER OVER HER SHOULDER!



C'MON! THAT SHOT'S LIABLE TO BRING THE COPS!

LET'S LAM WHILE THE SCRAMMIN'S GOOD!

OOH!



WHERE'D YOU EVER LEARN JUDO? WHO ARE YOU?

JUDO IS PART OF MY TRAINING! YOU SEE, I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL A LADY COPPER... A POLICEMAN!



TORCH, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME. MY FIANCEE IS A DETECTIVE AND WANTS ME TO QUIT THE FORCE AND MARRY HIM! BUT I WON'T TILL I DO ONE THING...

WHAT?

I WON'T QUIT THE FORCE WITHOUT ONE BIG CASE TO MY CREDIT! THIS CASE LOOKS GOOD. LET ME WORK WITH YOU, TORCH! PLEASE!

WELL... OKAY!

NOW TORCH AND BOBBY LEE GET DOWN TO CASES!

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT SECRET ENTRANCE! THIS BANK'S A NEW BUILDING! PUT UP WITHIN A YEAR!

LET'S QUESTION THE ARCHITECT WHO BUILT IT! HE'S PROBABLY GOT A CROOKED ASSISTANT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT!

THE TWO LEARN THE DESIGNER IS JAMES FLORE, AND CALL ON HIM...

APPARENTLY SOMEBODY DESIGNED THAT SECRET ENTRANCE TO CONNECT WITH THE SEWAGE TUNNEL...

SUDDENLY!

EXACTLY, TORCH, AND THAT SOMEBODY WAS I!

OOH!

YOU... YOU'RE THE ONE!

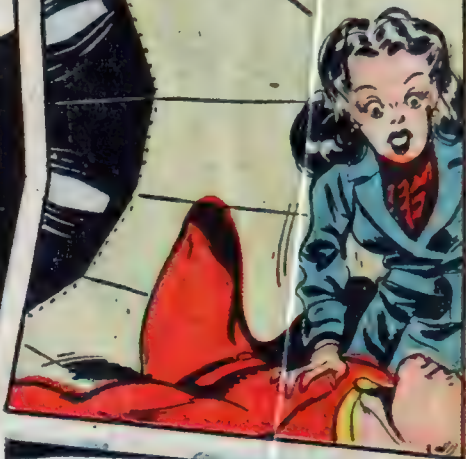
REMOVE THE MODEL FROM THE WIND TUNNEL! WE'LL PLACE THESE TWO INSIDE!

GEE! I WOULDN'T WANNA BE DEM!

THE PRISONERS ARE PLACED IN A TUNNEL USED TO TEST THE STRESS OF A GALE ON SCALE MODELS OF PLANNED STEEL SKYSCRAPERS...

NOW I'LL START THE GIANT FAN IN REVERSE! YOU'LL BE DRAWN TOWARD THEM AND TORN TO SHREDS! HA! HA! HA!

TORCH! WAKE UP! THE PROPELLER BLADES ARE STARTING TO TURN!



THAT'S THE ROAR OF THE PROPELLER!

WHA...? I'LL TURN ON MY FLAME AND BURN OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

TORCH! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL BE DRAGGED TOWARD THOSE SPINNING BLADES!

OOH, MY HEAD... ACHING! KEEP HEARING DRONING SOUNDS!



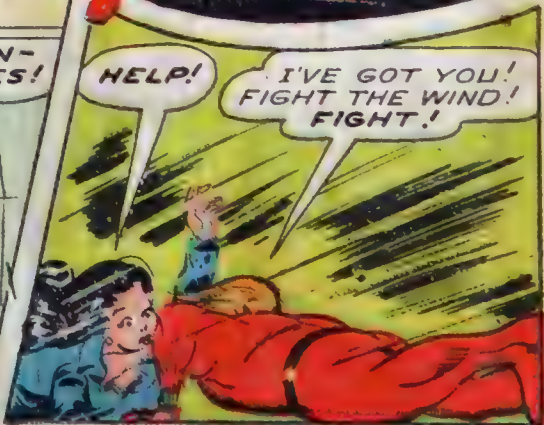
BUT THE BLADES HAVE ALREADY BUILT UP TO THEIR MAXIMUM SPEED... 400 MILES PER HOUR... MANY TIMES THE FORCE OF A HURRICANE!

I CAN'T FLAME ON! THAT TREMENDOUS WIND BLOWS OUT THE FLAMES!

THEN WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

HELP!

I'VE GOT YOU! FIGHT THE WIND! FIGHT!



THOUGH THEY LIE FLAT AND DIG DOWN, THE SUCTION IS TOO STRONG! SLOWLY, INEVITABLY, THEY GO SLIDING ACROSS THE TUNNEL FLOOR... TOWARD THE CHURNING PROP!

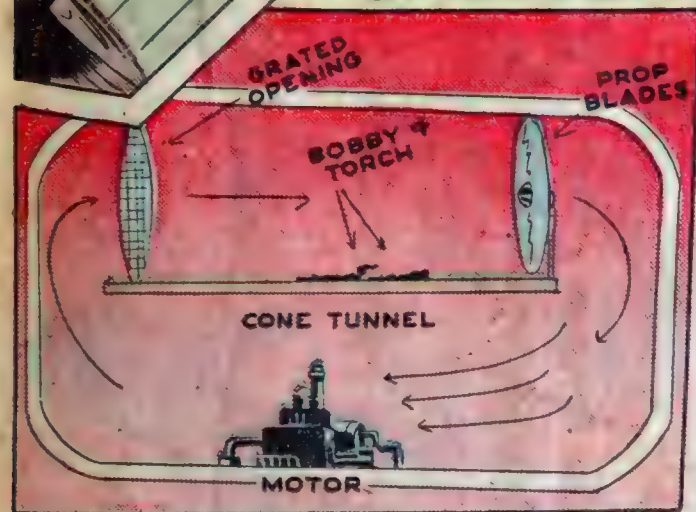
I'M SLIDING BACK! I CAN'T STOP!

WE'RE GONERS! IF I COULD ONLY STOP THAT PROP MOTOR! HEY! THAT'S IT! YOUR SHOES!

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



CHOPPED BY THE BLADES, PIECES OF THE SHOES CONTINUE ON DOWN TO THE CONTROL MOTOR...



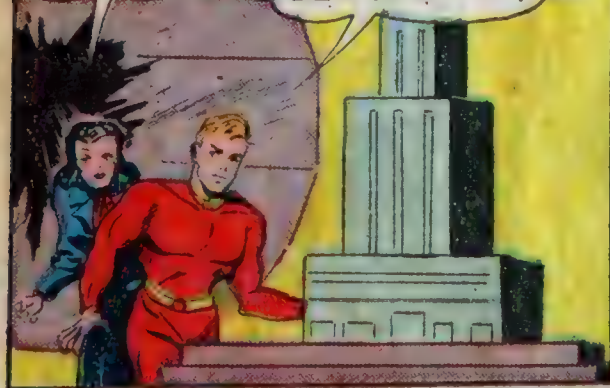
FOR A FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS, THE MOTOR FALTERS... THE BLADES SLOW DOWN...

MY FLAME! WE'RE SAFE NOW, BOBBY!



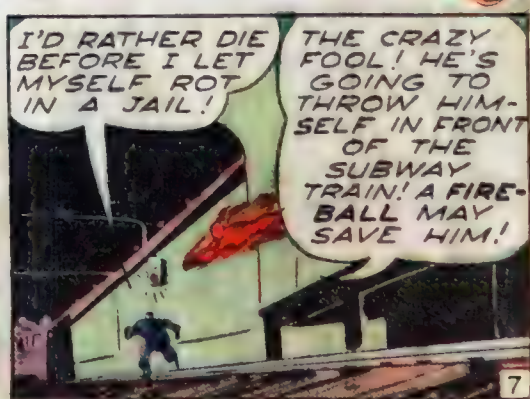
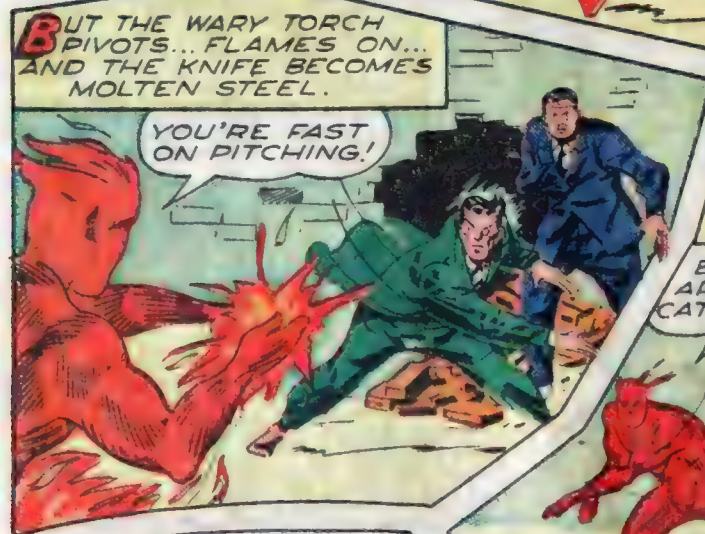
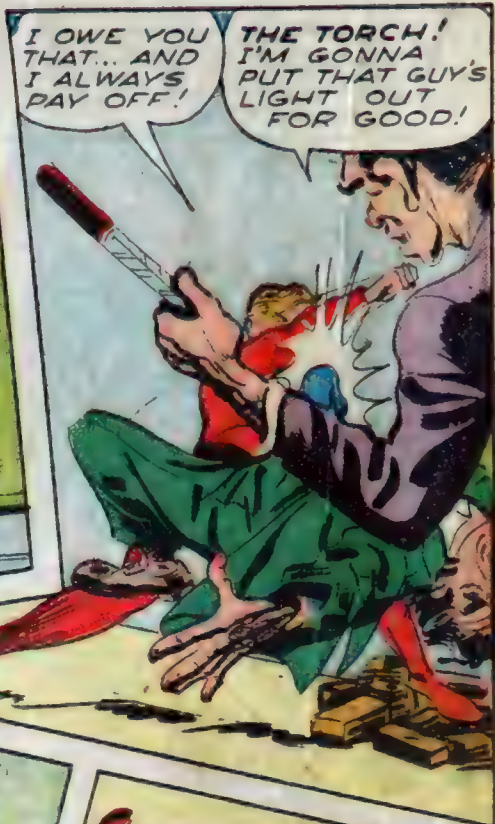
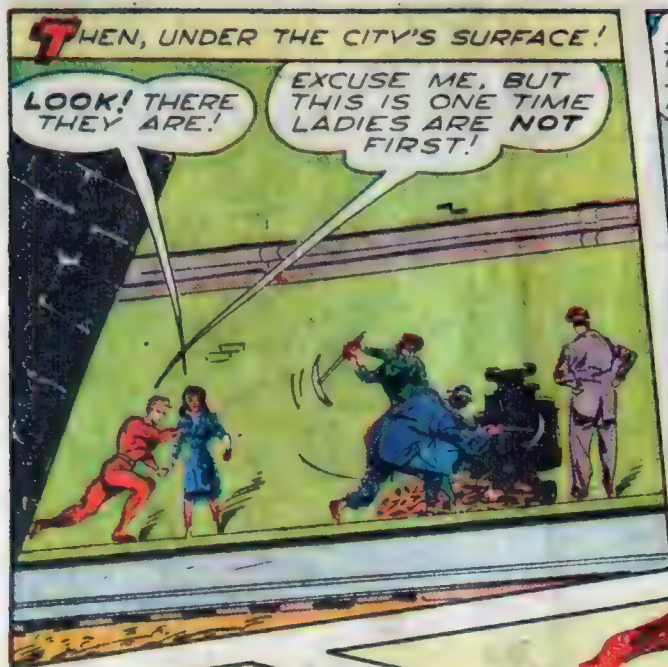
I WONDER WHERE FLORE WENT TO?

I'VE A HUNCH! THAT'S THE NEW FASSET BUILDING! AND THE MODEL MEANS FLORE DESIGNED IT!



THE FASSET BUILDING IS MAINLY A JEWEL EXCHANGE! FLORE PROBABLY PROVIDED FOR A SECRET ENTRANCE LEADING FROM A SUB-SURFACE TUNNEL!





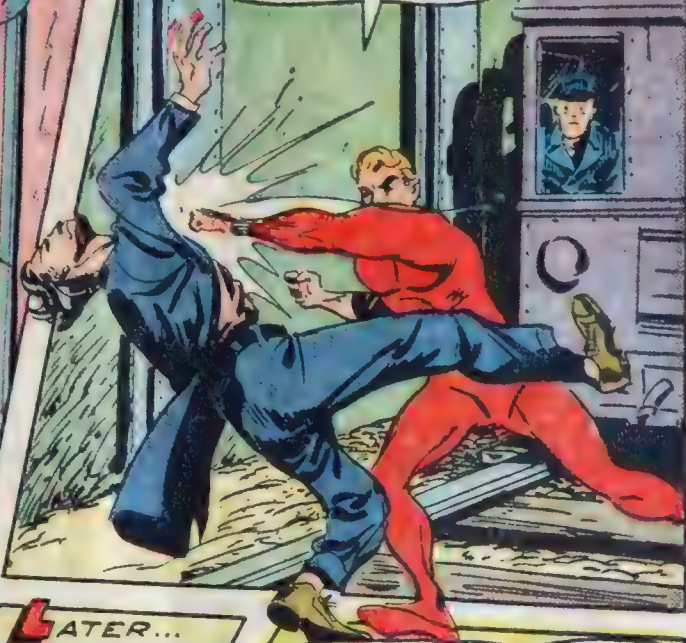
COMpletely blocking the green signal, the accurately thrown fireball blazes like a warning beacon!

RED LIGHT! I'VE GOT TO SLOW DOWN!

SCREECH!

AND AT THE SLOWDOWN, THE FIGHTING HUMAN TORCH GOES AHEAD!

SIGNAL'S OFF!
IT'S ALL OVER!

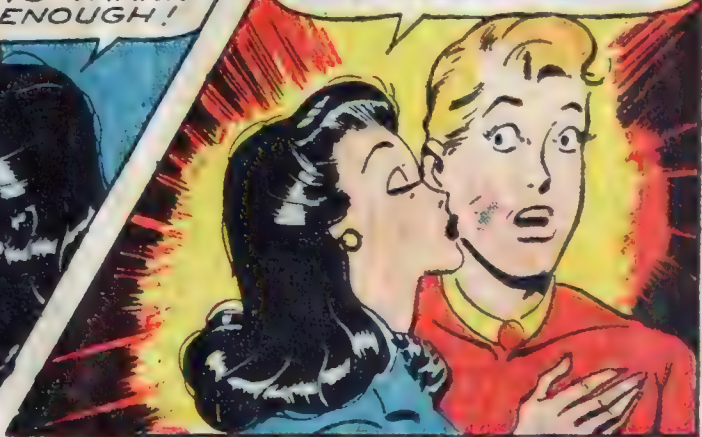


LATER...

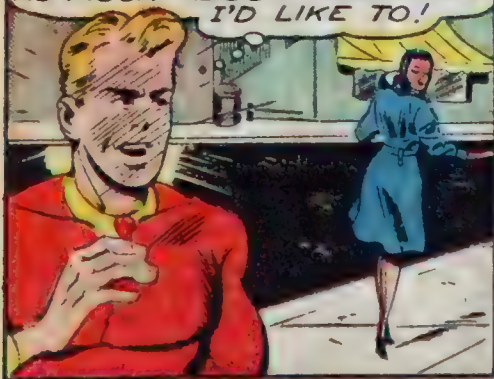
TORCH, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH!

WELL, YOU'LL GET CREDIT FOR BREAKING THIS CASE! YOU CAN GET MARRIED NOW!

BUT HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!



I STILL DON'T KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT ISBISA AS I'D LIKE TO!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE MASTER CRIMINAL ISBISA IS AT WORK...

AH! PERFECT! NOW EVERYTHING IS READY! SOON, ISBISA, YOU WILL BE ON THE MOVE!



PEARLS OF WISDOM

WE have to do something about this, Gilleran!" the plump little jeweler wiped his brow. He was sweating and with good reason. The owner of the gigantic Moffet's Jewelers was faced with the loss of a fortune.

"Yeah, but what?" Gilleran examined the pearls on the jeweler's desk. "If they're phonies, I can find it out and show them up. If they're phonies! They look okay to me!"

"They're *not* phonies!" Moffet nearly screamed in his exasperation. "They're good pearls. The only thing wrong with them is the price. The market is flooded with good pearls selling at half of what I have to charge for mine and I'm holding the biggest supplies of any one in the field! Bought at the old high prices, too!"

"Then the way I get it, you want me to find out *why* they're selling these pearls so cheaply. Right?" Moffet nodded weakly and Gilleran walked out of his office.

Gilleran walked straight across the street and joined the idlers watching a skyscraper going up. He loved to watch the big crane hauling huge steel girders from the trucks rumbling up. The huge steel block suspended on the slender wire cables dropped down on a girder and then, without cables or hooks, picked the girder up. Gilleran knew it worked on the electromagnetic principle, but he loved to watch it anyway. When they wanted it to pick up something they threw on the juice; when they wanted it to let go, the electric current went off.

Gilleran shrugged and walked away. Whether he liked it or not, he had a job to do. He crossed the street and continued on 'til he came to one of Moffet's toughest competitors. He paused at the window, looking at the pearl

necklace displayed on a black velvet background. Cheap, too cheap! Something was out of focus there. He pushed through the clear, glass door and walked over to where a clerk stood behind the showcase.

"May I help you, sir?" the clerk eyed Gilleran as he spoke, appraising his appearance, trying to decide if the newcomer was a potential customer or not.

"I'm interested in your pearls," Gilleran said, looking at the necklace in the case. "I want to see your entire selection. . . ." The clerk picked up the necklace he was examining and held it closer for the detective's examination. Gilleran shook his head.

"That's all we have completed, sir!" the clerk was exasperated but he covered his feelings. "I can show you one more necklace that's being completed if you'd like to see it?" When Gilleran nodded, the clerk turned and went into the workroom in back.

He reappeared in a few moments with an incomplete pearl necklace on a cloth-covered work tray. Gilleran whistled when he saw the size of the pearls. He took the tray and held it so the light showed every detail on the cloth. He shook his head regretfully. They were genuine but . . . wait a minute! The pearls were just being drilled. He knew that from the fact that some were drilled and some weren't. He bent closer. One pearl just drilled had flecks of steel around the tiny opening. He nodded and handed the tray back to the clerk.

"I think that's the piece I want to see," he told the clerk. "If you'll hold it for me, I'll be back in a little while!" He nodded to the clerk and walked out of the store.

Gilleran hurried across the street and a mo-

ment later entered the office where Moffet sat, head in his hands. He looked up and when he saw Gilleran's happy grin he groaned and put his head back in his hand.

"Go away! I hate happy people!" He lifted his head reluctantly long enough to ask, "Why are you back? Did you learn anything?"

"Let me ask the questions, boss," Gilleran cut him short. "How are cultured pearls made? Are they as valuable as real pearls?"

"First, they *are* real pearls. Second, whoever sells cultured pearls has to advertise them as such! And cultured pearls are *not* worth nearly as much as the uncultured variety! Why? Do you think . . . ?" Moffet looked up, a gleam of hope lighting his gloomy countenance.

"I'll be back right away!" Gilleran ignored his question and strode out of the office. He turned left as he left the jewelry store and entered an electrical appliance shop a short distance away.

"Hello, Gilleran!" the manager shook hands with the burly detective. "What's on your mind?" Gilleran muttered a few hasty words in his ear and the manager laughed and nodded. "I'll fix you up. I don't know what you have in mind, but I'll do my best! Come on back to the workshop."

. . . "Well, what is it?" Moffet stared at the bulky bundle on his desk. It was a half hour later and Gilleran was back in Moffet's office.

"Take a walk with me down to Carter's, Mr. Moffet. I think it'll do some good!" Moffet nodded his head wearily. Anything was better than sitting behind that desk thinking about all the money he was losing.

Gilleran and Moffet walked down the street together, Moffet's legs weakening in his effort to keep pace with his big companion.

"Mr. Moffet, how do they make cultured pearls? I have a pretty good idea but I want to make sure." Gilleran glanced down at the little jeweler, waiting for the answer.

"Any foreign substance introduced into an oyster will cause a pearl to form. Various things have been tried," Moffet replied, glanc-

ing curiously at Gilleran's package. "Why? Has that got anything to do with the gadget you got there?"

"We'll see. Here we are now," Gilleran said, turning into the jewelry store he had visited earlier. The same clerk came forward as they stepped up to the counter.

"That necklace is finished, sir," he said, addressing Gilleran. "Would you care to look at it?" At Gilleran's nod of assent he reached into the case and drew forth the gleaming pearls.

Moffet took the pearls from the clerk's hand. At Gilleran's nod he brought out his check-book. He looked inquiringly at the clerk and the clerk cleared his throat and said hoarsely, "Six thousand dollars!"

Moffet nodded and scrawled quick figures in his check book. The clerk took the check and started nervously at the sight of the scrawled signature.

Gilleran took the necklace and broke the strands in his powerful hands. He poured the pearls on to the velvet tray on the showcase, and unwrapped his bundle. The store manager joined the little audience as Gilleran turned a switch on the gadget. A meter swung far over and Gilleran took a steel plate connected to the machine by two thick, heavily insulated wires and placed them near the pearls.

Nothing happened until Gilleran placed the plate nearer, then the pearls flew to the shiny underside of the plate!

"See? Educated pearls!" Gilleran chuckled at the amazement on Moffet's face. "These are cultured pearls with an iron-filling core! Pretty smart, huh?" The manager paled and backed away. Moffet laughed as he turned to him.

"Pretty smart, is right! I couldn't compete on that basis; but now you'll advertise that your pearls are cultured, I'll see to that!" The manager nodded heavily and Moffet plucked a pearl off the electromagnet in Gilleran's hand. "Educated pearls! Gilleran, you get a raise! Those are pearls of wisdom!"

THE END

Miss

AMERICA

CHAPTER
5



YOU'VE HEARD
OF PEOPLE
WITH HEARTS
OF STONE. BUT
HERE IS A TALE
OF PEOPLE WHO
ARE ALL STONE!
YES, LIVE, VITAL,
WARM PEOPLE
TURNED INTO
COLD EMOTION-
LESS ROCK!
WHY? HOW?
THOSE ARE
QUESTIONS
MISS AMERICA
MUST ANSWER
BEFORE SHE CAN
SOLVE THE CASE
SUGGESTED BY...

"THE STONE AGE"

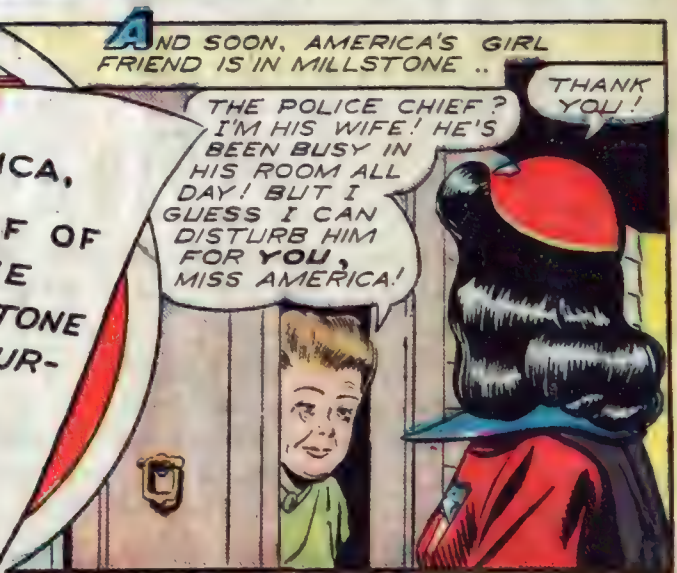
THE
FOURTH CLUE!

AND SOON, AMERICA'S GIRL
FRIEND IS IN MILLSTONE ..

MISS AMERICA,
THE CHIEF OF
POLICE OF THE
TOWN OF MILLSTONE
MAY PROVIDE A SUR-
PRISE AND A BY-
PRODUCT OF
THE STONE AGE
ISBISA

THE POLICE CHIEF?
I'M HIS WIFE! HE'S
BEEN BUSY IN
HIS ROOM ALL
DAY! BUT I
GUESS I CAN
DISTURB HIM
FOR YOU,
MISS AMERICA!

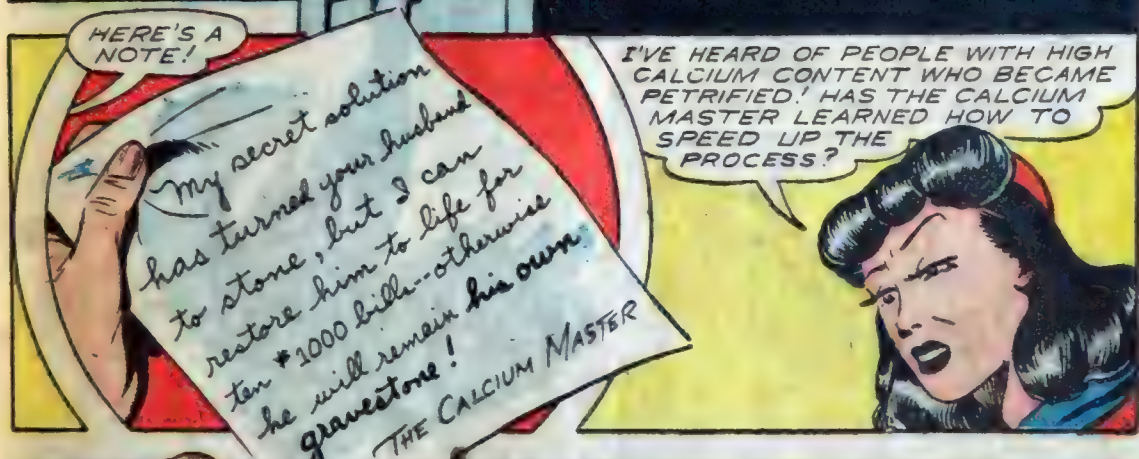
THANK
YOU!



BUT IN HIS ROOM, THE POLICE CHIEF IS BEYOND CONVERSATION!



AAGGHH! LOOK!
HE'S BEEN TURNED
TO STONE!



HERE'S A
NOTE!

My secret solution
has turned your husband
to stone, but I can
restore him to life for
ten *1000 bills--otherwise
he will remain his own
gravestone!
THE CALCIUM MASTER

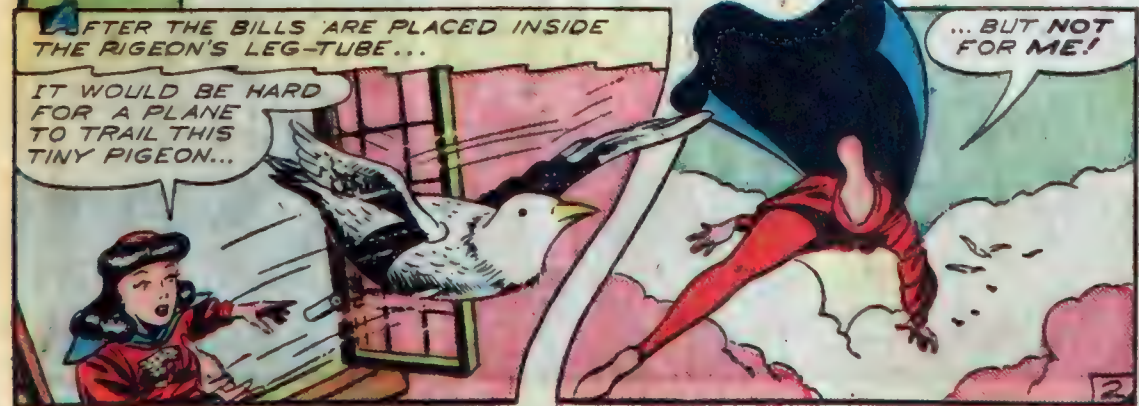
I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE WITH HIGH
CALCIUM CONTENT WHO BECAME
PETRIFIED! HAS THE CALCIUM
MASTER LEARNED HOW TO
SPEED UP THE
PROCESS?



POOR JOHN! I'LL GLADLY
PAY THE MONEY, BUT THEY
HAVEN'T LEFT DIRECTIONS
TELLING HOW TO SEND
THE PAYMENT!

WHAT'S IN
THIS BOX,
I WONDER?

CARRIER PIGEON!
THAT'S THE REASON
FOR BILLS OF A
LARGE DENOMINATION!
THE PIGEON COULD CARRY
TEN BILLS EASILY!
CLEVER!



AFTER THE BILLS ARE PLACED INSIDE
THE PIGEON'S LEG-TUBE...

IT WOULD BE HARD
FOR A PLANE
TO TRAIL THIS
TINY PIGEON...

... BUT NOT
FOR ME!



ABRUPTLY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN... GUNSHOTS!

OH OH! THE CALCIUM MASTER STATIONED THUGS ALONG THE SKY ROUTE, JUST IN CASE OF TROUBLE! AND I'M IT!

IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DOUBLE FOR A CLAY PIGEON, YOU'RE CRAZY!



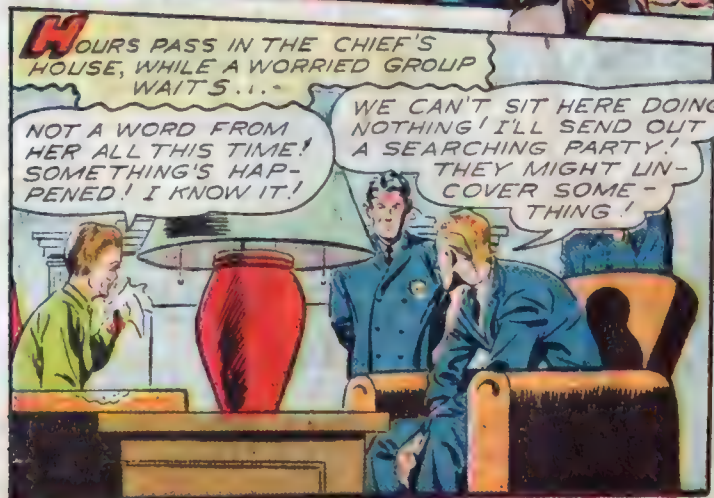
NEXT TIME ASK A LADY IF SHE WANTS TO BE SHOT AT!

OOH! NO LADY EVER HIT LIKE DAT!



THEN, IRONICALLY, A STONE WINS A DECISION OVER THE LADY SLEUTH...

OHOOH! DAT'LL ROCK HER TO SLEEP!



HOURS PASS IN THE CHIEF'S HOUSE, WHILE A WORRIED GROUP WAITS...

NOT A WORD FROM HER ALL THIS TIME! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! I KNOW IT!

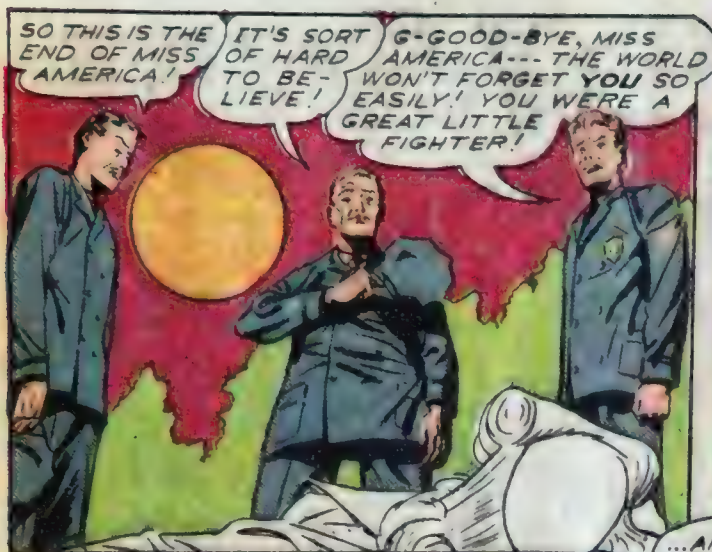
WE CAN'T SIT HERE DOING NOTHING! I'LL SEND OUT A SEARCHING PARTY! THEY MIGHT UNCOVER SOMETHING!



AND LATER, THEY DISCOVER...

MISS AMERICA AND WILL YA LOOK!

SHE'S TURNED TO STONE!



SO THIS IS THE
END OF MISS
AMERICA!

IT'S SORT
OF HARD
TO BE-
LIEVE!

G-GOOD-BYE, MISS
AMERICA--- THE WORLD
WON'T FORGET YOU SO
EASILY! YOU WERE A
GREAT LITTLE
FIGHTER!

AND THOSE VERY WORDS
ARE ECHOED AT THE SIT
OF AN OLD, ABANDONED
STONE QUARRY...

YES, MISS AMERICA... YOU
WERE A GREAT LITTLE
FIGHTER... BUT YOU LOST
THE LAST ROUND TO THE
CALCIUM MASTER!
HEH! HEH!

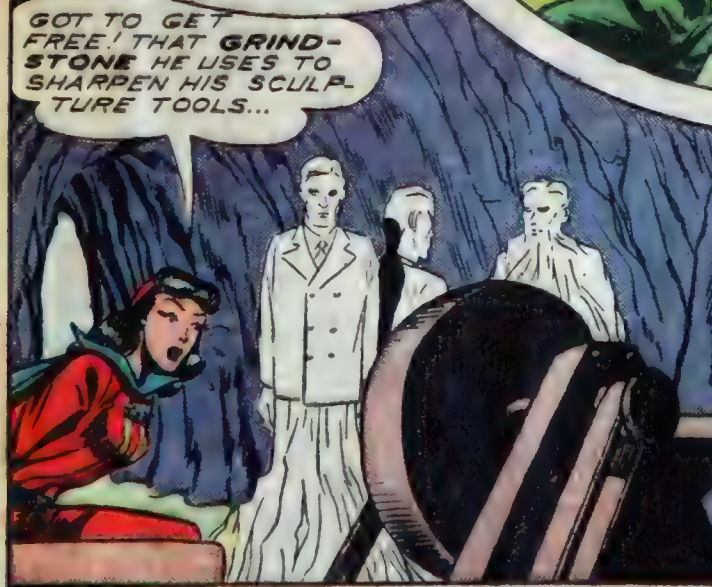


AND INSIDE A CAVERN, A
VOICE, A FAMILIAR
VOICE, ANSWERS!

AND YOU'RE A GOOD
SCULPTOR GONE
MAD! A TALENTED
SCULPTOR WHO
COULD HACK OUT
A STATUE OF
ME IN A
FEW HOURS...

...AND PLACE
IT ON THE
HIGHWAY
TO MAKE
THE PO-
LICE THINK
YOU HAD
BEEN
TURNED
TO STONE!
HA HA!

QUITE A RACKET!
YOU KIDNAP
SOMEONE AND
LEAVE A
STATUE IN HIS
PLACE, MAKING
PEOPLE BELIEVE
HE'D BEEN
CALCIUMIZED!

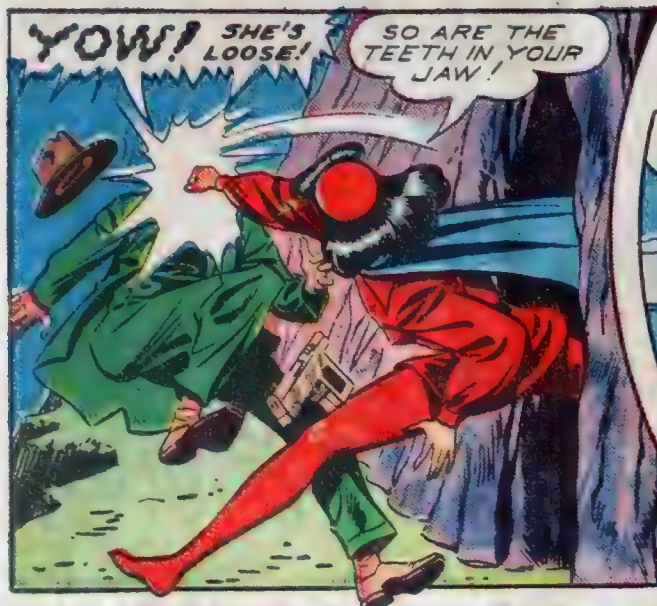


GOT TO GET
FREE! THAT GRIND-
STONE HE USES TO
SHARPEN HIS SCULP-
TURE TOOLS...

EXACTLY! NOW I
MUST SEE HOW THE
POLICE CHIEF IS
FARING IN THE
NEXT ROOM!

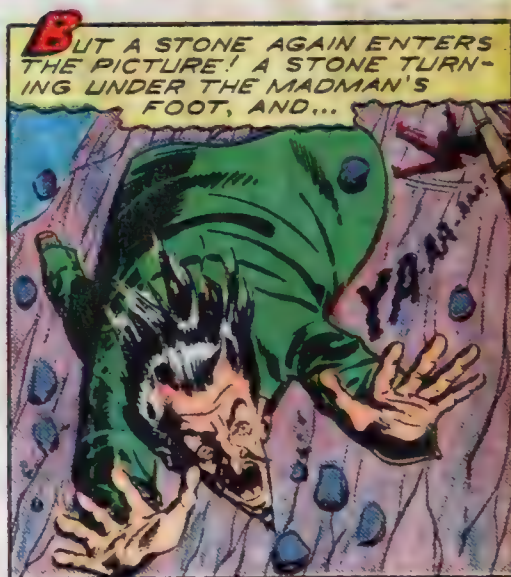
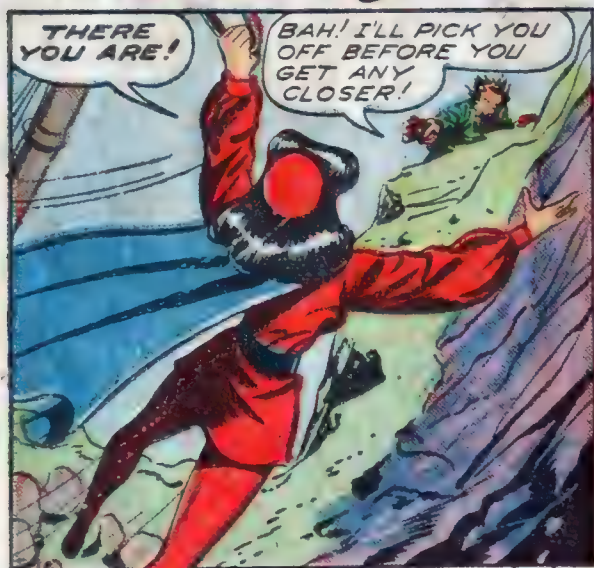
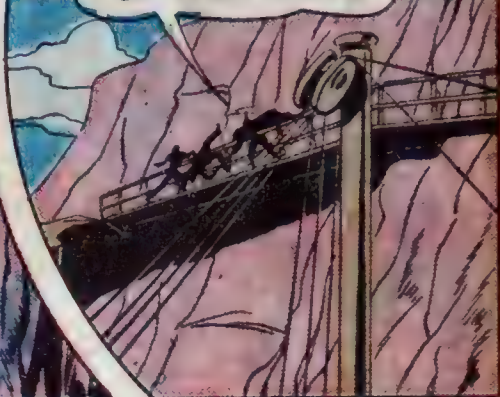


ANOTHER
STONE... A
GRINDSTONE THIS
TIME TO HELP ME
ESCAPE!



HIGH ON THE PERILOUS SLOPE OF THE STONE QUARRY CATWALK, MISS AMERICA BATTLES WOULD-BE KILLERS!

I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER WITH YOU SMALL FRY! I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR BOSS!

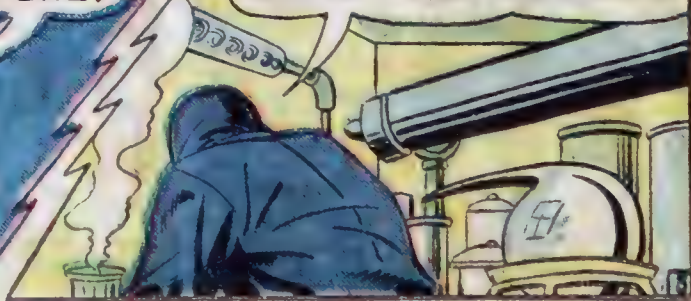


STONES WERE HIS LIFE... AND IN DEATH HE'LL NEVER BE FAR FROM ONE... FOR ALWAYS OVER HIM WILL BE...

A TOMB-STONE!

MEANWHILE, IN HIS LABORATORY, ISBISA MAKES FINAL PREPARATIONS...

I WONDER HOW THAT STUPID SCULPTOR MADE OUT WITH MISS AMERICA? NO MATTER... NOTHING WILL MATTER SOON! HEH! HEH!





SUB-MARINER

CHAPTER
6

WRONGLY ACCUSED OF CONSPIRACY WITH ISBISA, SUB-MARINER'S HAIR-TRIGGER TEMPER EXPLODES, AND HE STRIDES OFF—A LONELY, ANGRY FIGURE! BUT TORO IS SOON AT HIS SIDE, AND THOUGH THERE IS MIS-UNDERSTANDING, IT IS THE ODD TEAM OF SUB-MARINER AND TORO WHICH INVESTIGATES THE COLD-BLOODED RACKET SUGGESTED BY---

"THE ICE AGE!"

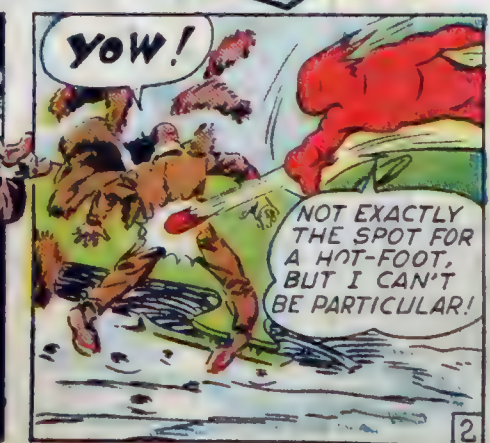
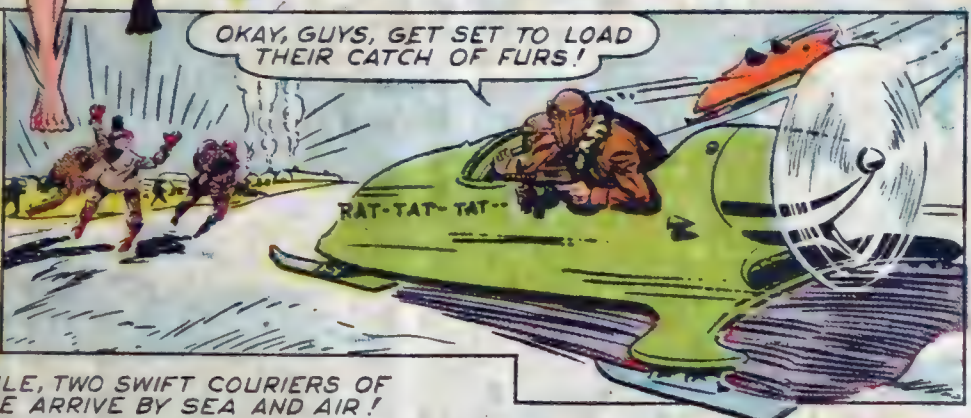
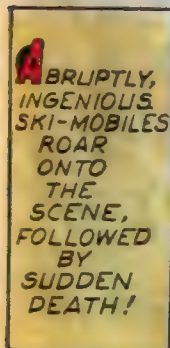
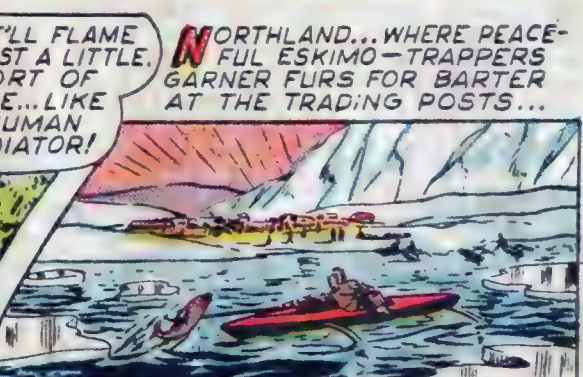
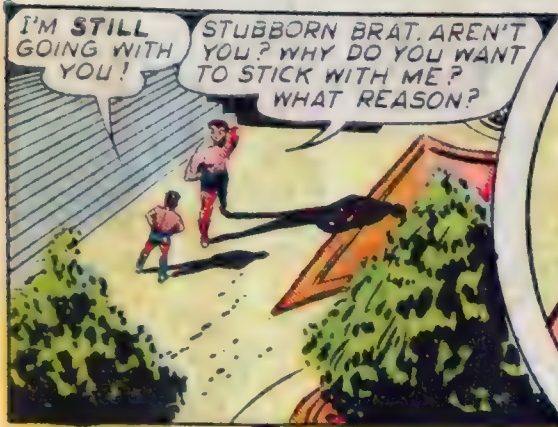
THE FIFTH CLUE!

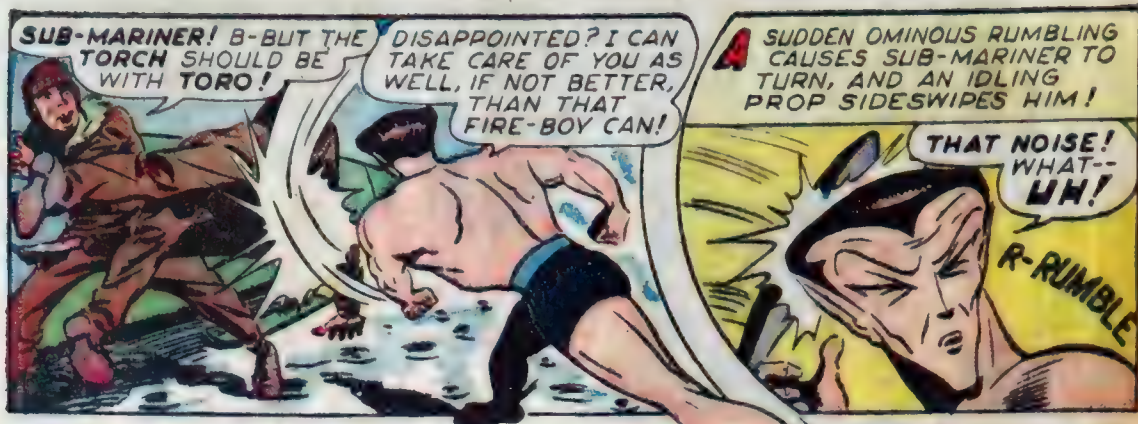
SUB-MARINER,
IF YOU GO NORTH
TO THE BERING SEA
TRADING POST, YOU
WILL LEARN A
SECRET OF
THE ICE AGE!
ISBISA

I DON'T WANT
YOUR SYMPATHY!
BESIDES, I'M A
SOLO SLEUTH!
STICK WITH
YOUR OWN
PARTNER!

SUB-MARINER,
WAIT! I'M ON
YOUR SIDE! I'M
GOING WITH
YOU!







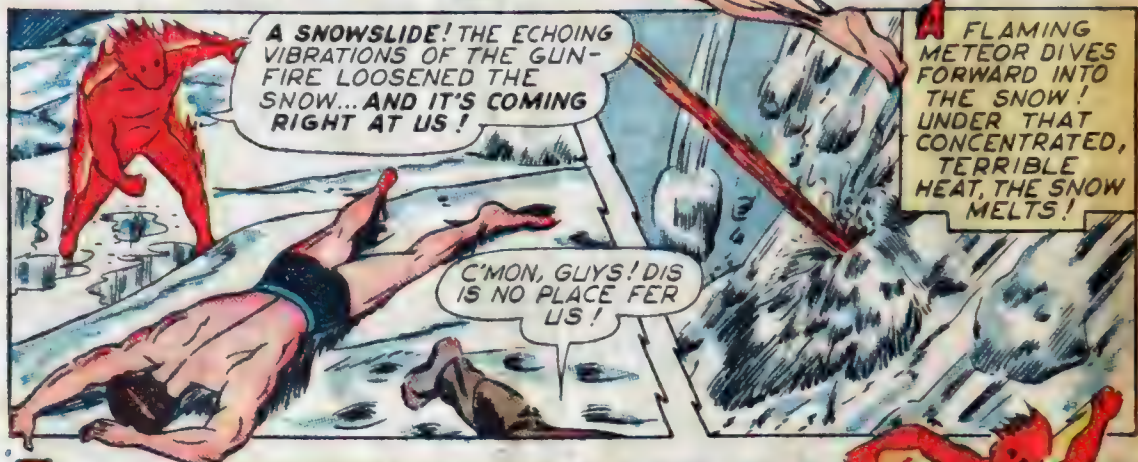
SUB-MARINER! B-BUT THE TORCH SHOULD BE WITH TORO!

DISAPPOINTED? I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU AS WELL, IF NOT BETTER, THAN THAT FIRE-BOY CAN!

A SUDDEN OMINOUS RUMBLING CAUSES SUB-MARINER TO TURN, AND AN IDLING PROP SIDESWIPES HIM!

THAT NOISE! WHAT--UH!

R-RUMBLE

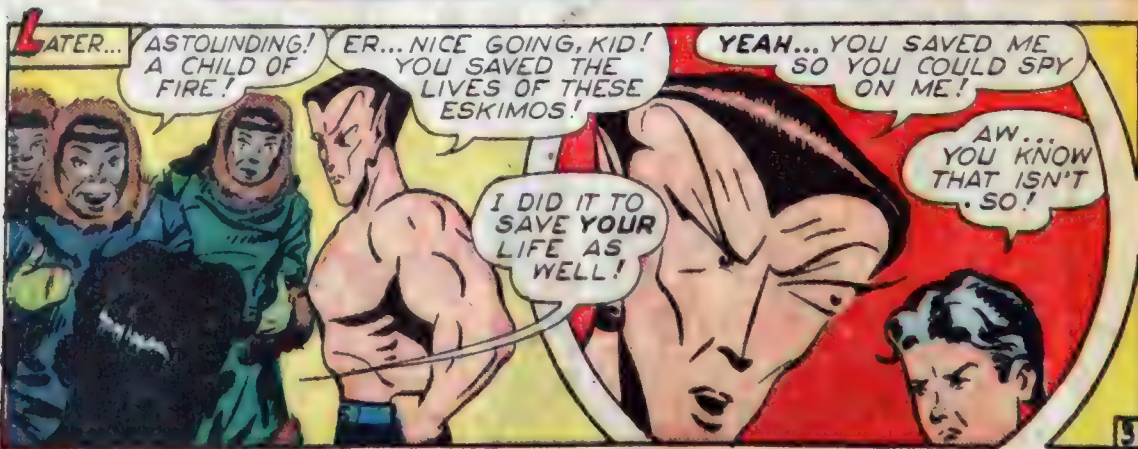
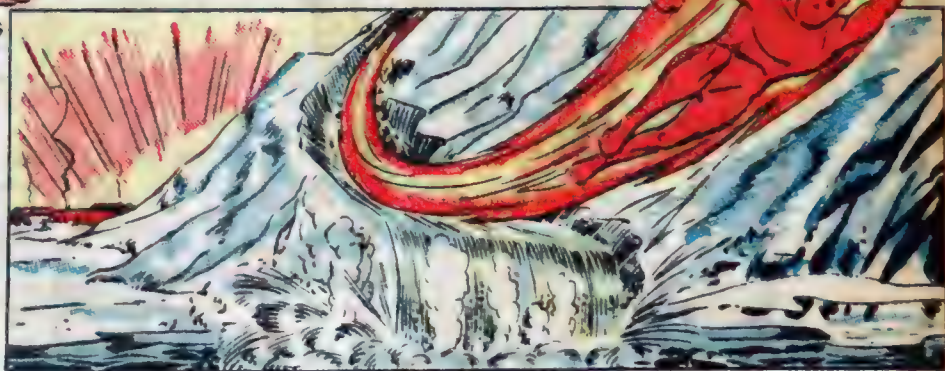


A SNOWSLIDE! THE ECHOING VIBRATIONS OF THE GUN-FIRE LOOSENED THE SNOW... AND IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US!

C'MON, GUYS! DIS IS NO PLACE FER US!

A FLAMING METEOR DIVES FORWARD INTO THE SNOW! UNDER THAT CONCENTRATED, TERRIBLE HEAT, THE SNOW MELTS!

THEN, TOUCHING A SNOW SLOPE IN HIS DOWNWARD FLIGHT, TORO LEAVES A FURROW, DOWN WHICH THE BOY-MADE WATER-FALL POURS HARMLESSLY INTO THE SEA!



LATER...

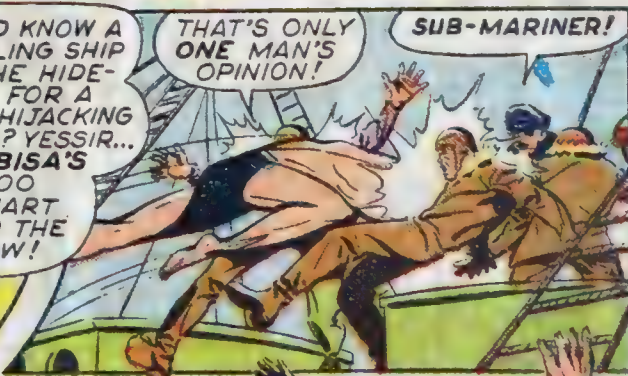
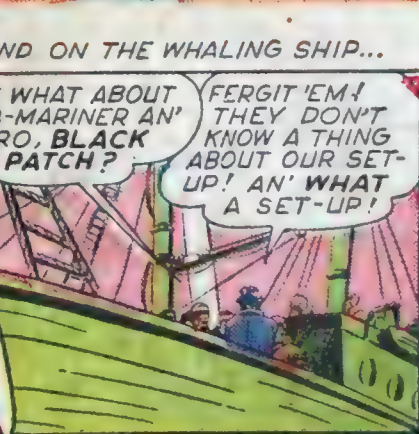
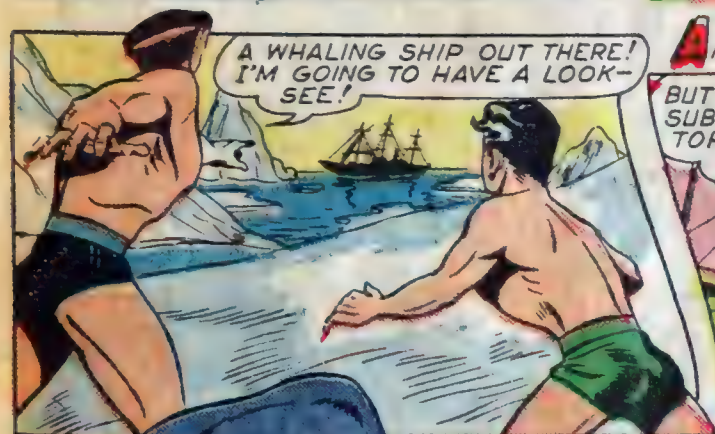
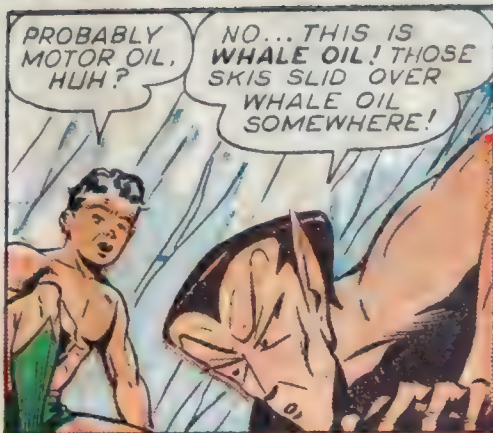
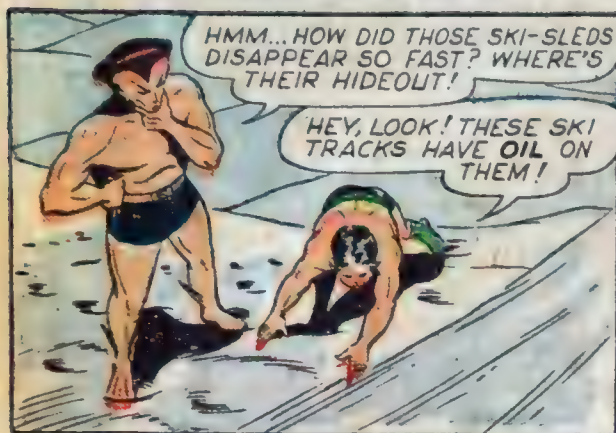
ASTOUNDING! A CHILD OF FIRE!

ER... NICE GOING, KID! YOU SAVED THE LIVES OF THESE ESKIMOS!

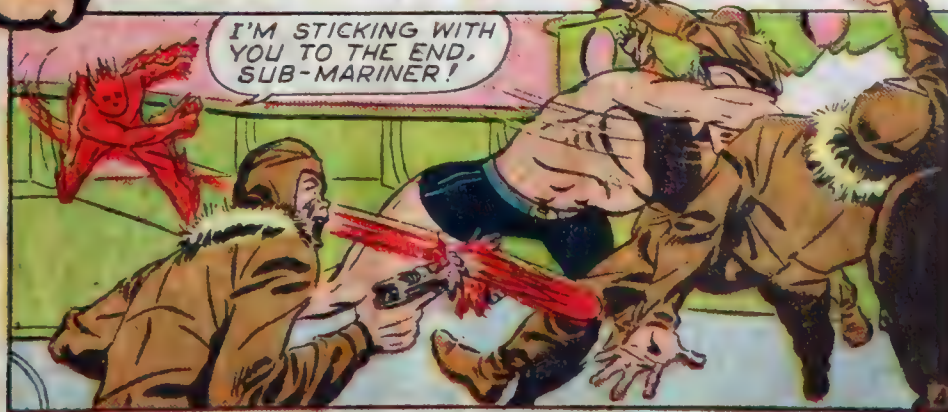
YEAH... YOU SAVED ME SO YOU COULD SPY ON ME!

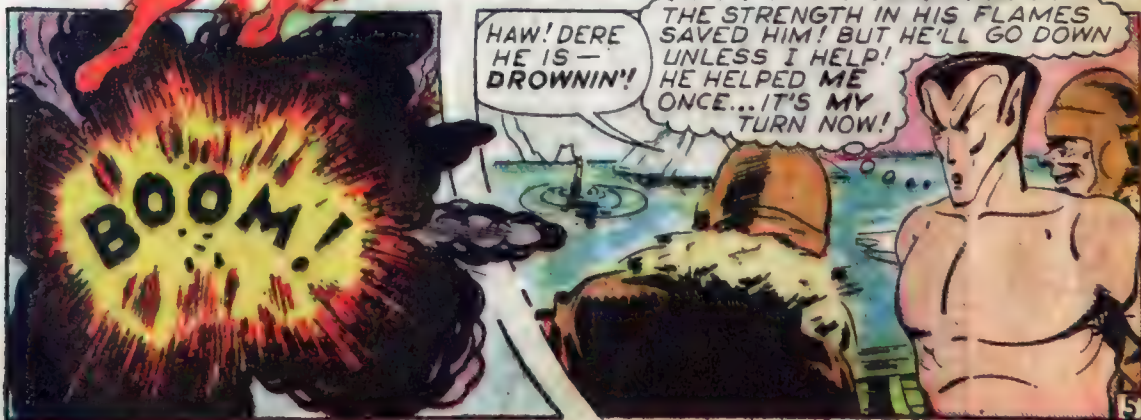
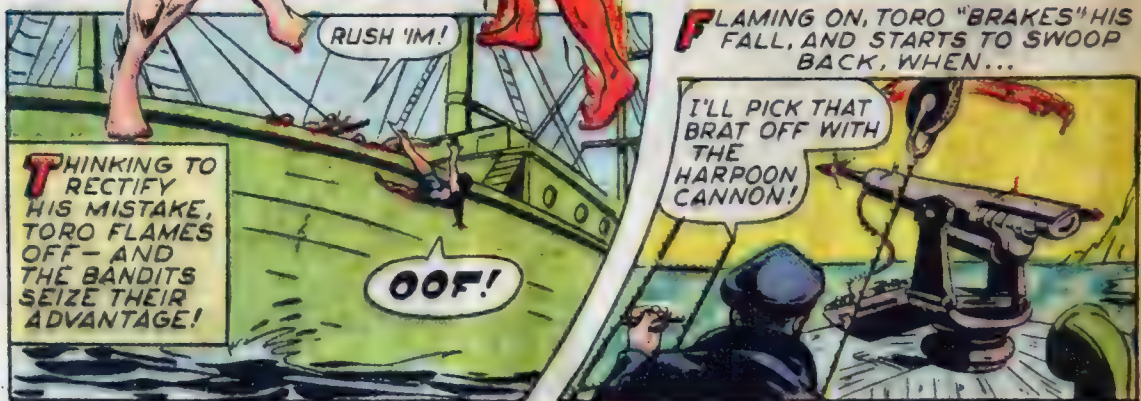
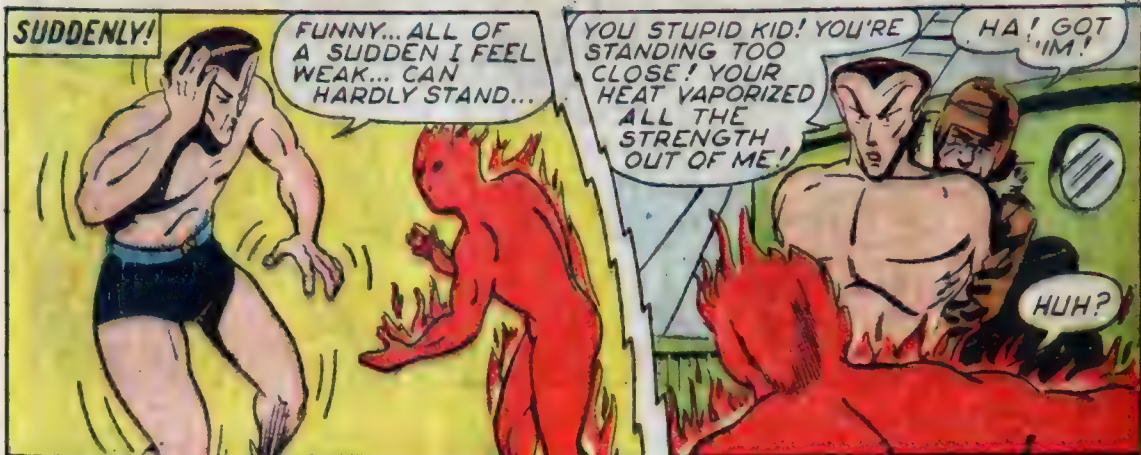
AW... YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T SO!

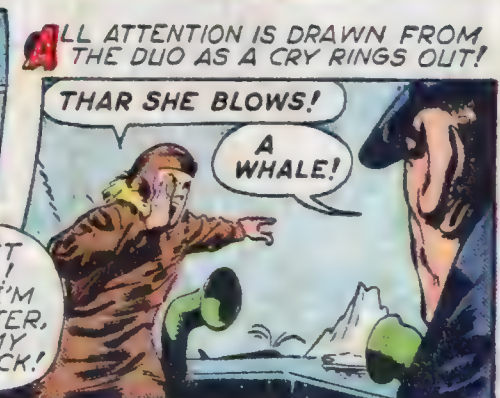
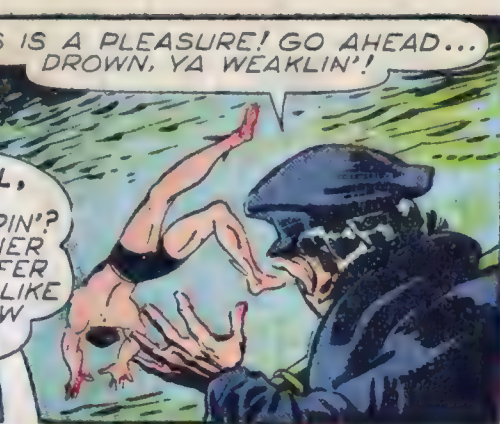
I DID IT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AS WELL!



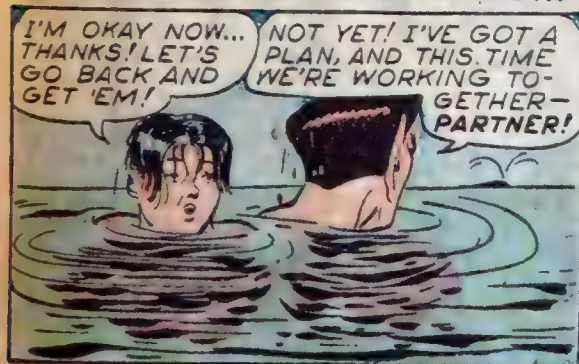
THEN
FLAMING
TORO
TAKES
HIS
STAND
BESIDE
SUB-
MARINER!



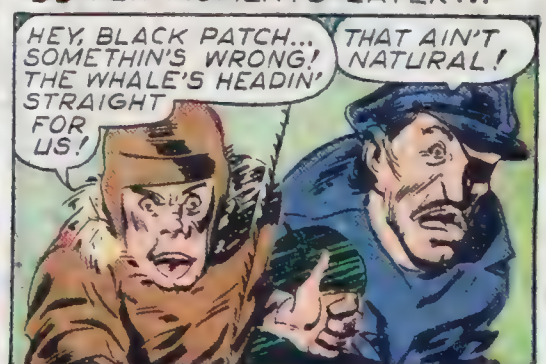




UNOBSERVED, THE DUO SURFACES ...

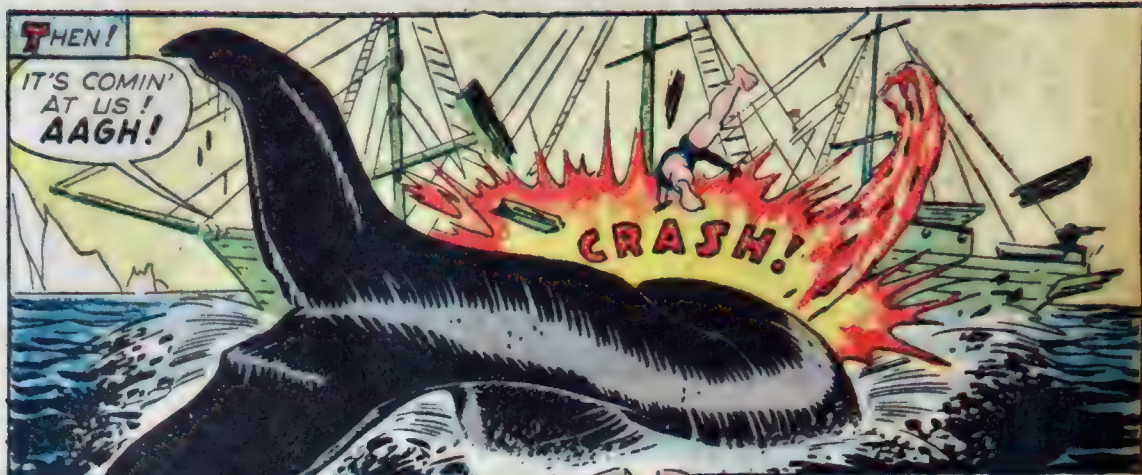


A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



BUT IT IS NATURAL WHEN TORO IS STEERING THE WHALE WITH GOADING FLAME!





THEN!

IT'S COMIN'
AT US!
AAGH!

CRASH!

THEN COMES THE MOPPING-UP!

HIT THE DECK!

H'YA
DOING,
TORO?



OH, FINE...I'M
HAVING A WHALE
OF A TIME!
YUK! YUK!

LATER...

TORO...I...ER...I WANT TO
APOLOGIZE...I'M SORRY
I WAS SO RUDE...I GUESS
I'M A SORT OF HOT-
HEADED
GUY...

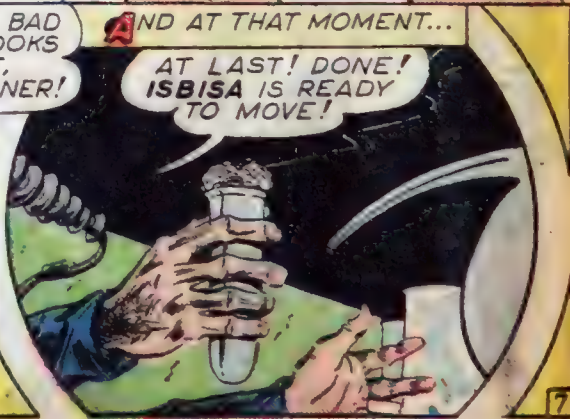
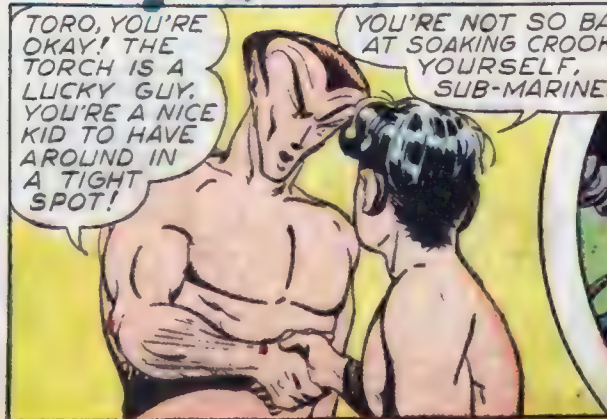
AW,
FORGET
IT! YOU HAD
A RIGHT TO
BE SORE!

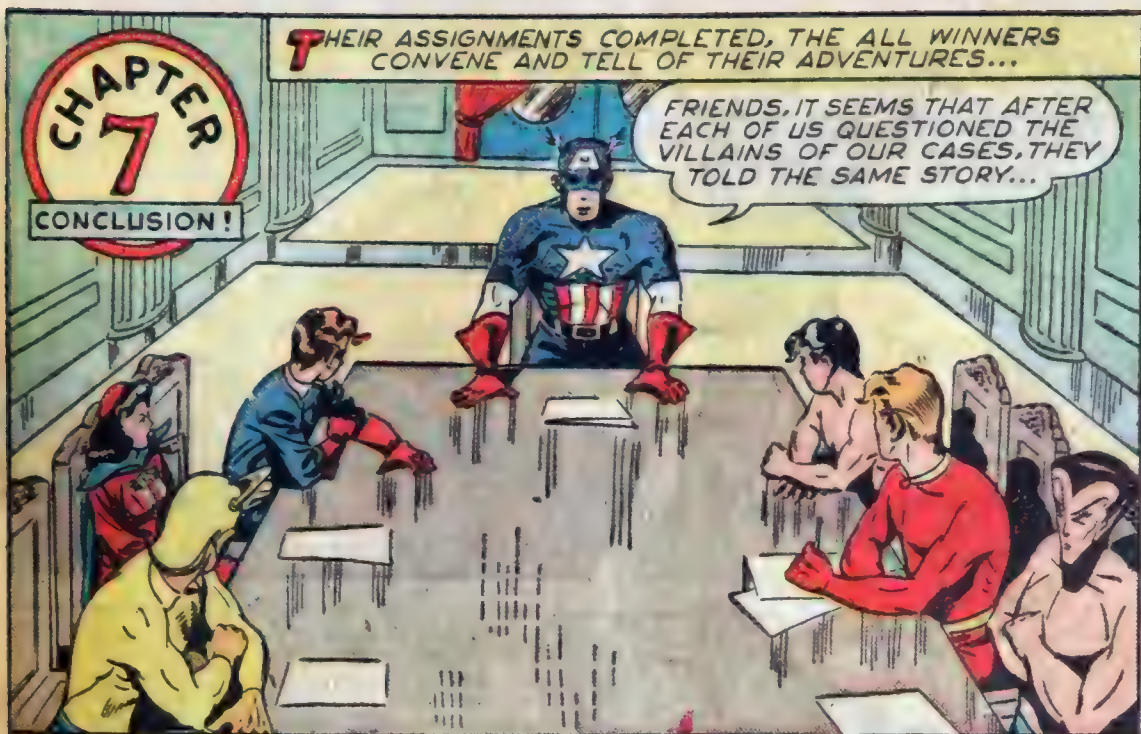
TORO, YOU'RE
OKAY! THE
TORCH IS A
LUCKY GUY.
YOU'RE A NICE
KID TO HAVE
AROUND IN
A TIGHT
SPOT!

YOU'RE NOT SO BAD
AT SOAKING CROOKS
YOURSELF,
SUB-MARINER!

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

AT LAST! DONE!
ISBISA IS READY
TO MOVE!

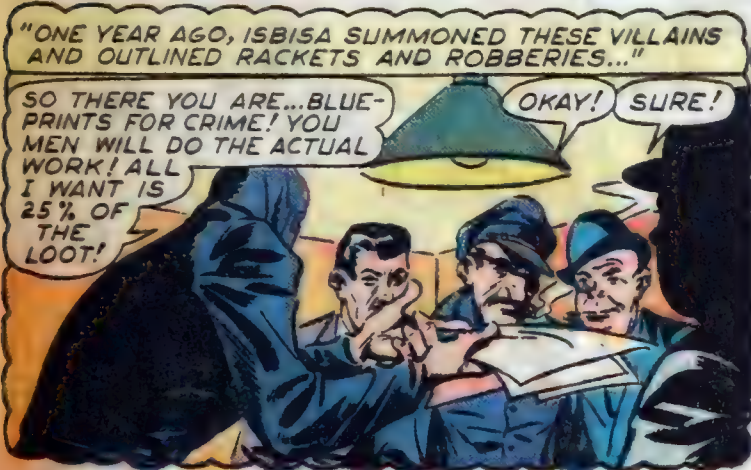




CHAPTER 7
CONCLUSION!

THEIR ASSIGNMENTS COMPLETED, THE ALL WINNERS CONVENE AND TELL OF THEIR ADVENTURES...

FRIENDS, IT SEEMS THAT AFTER EACH OF US QUESTIONED THE VILLAINS OF OUR CASES, THEY TOLD THE SAME STORY...

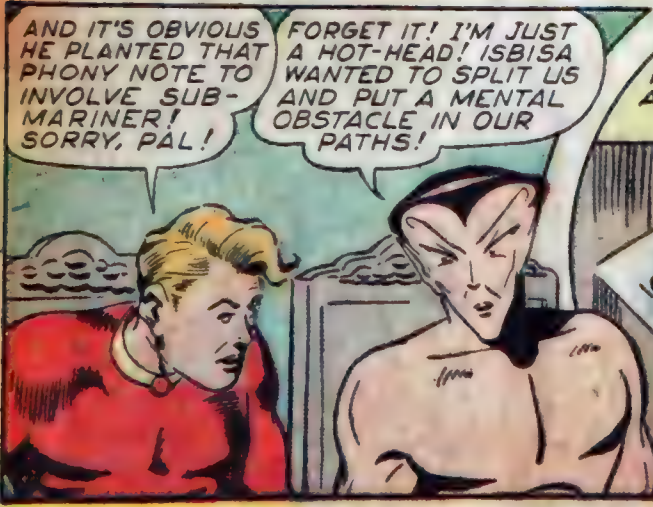


"ONE YEAR AGO, ISBISA SUMMONED THESE VILLAINS AND OUTLINED RACKETS AND ROBBERIES..."

SO THERE YOU ARE...BLUE-PRINTS FOR CRIME! YOU MEN WILL DO THE ACTUAL WORK! ALL I WANT IS 25% OF THE LOOT!

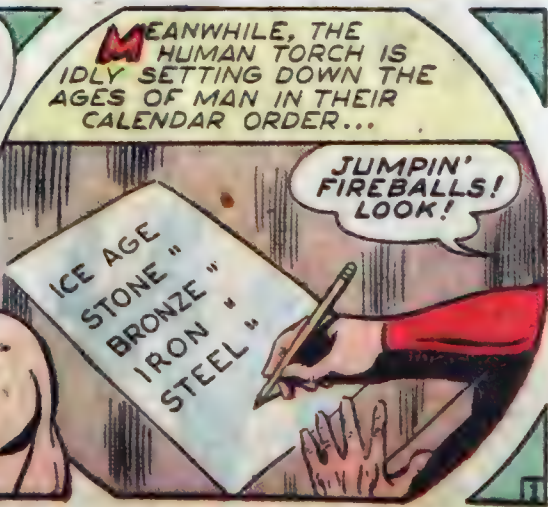
OKAY! SURE!

BUT THOSE VILLAINS DIDN'T EXPECT US! ISBISA JUST USED THEM AS BAIT TO LURE US INTO THIS CHALLENGE GAME!



AND IT'S OBVIOUS HE PLANTED THAT PHONY NOTE TO INVOLVE SUB-MARINER! SORRY, PAL!

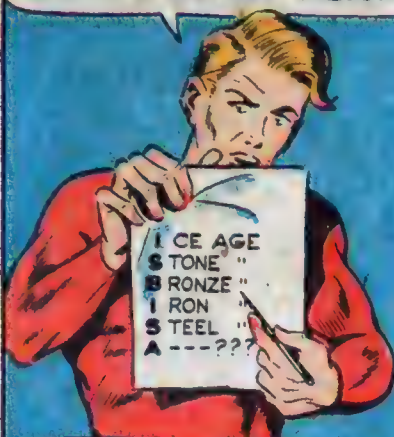
FORGET IT! I'M JUST A HOT-HEAD! ISBISA WANTED TO SPLIT US AND PUT A MENTAL OBSTACLE IN OUR PATHS!



MEANWHILE, THE HUMAN TORCH IS IDLY SETTING DOWN THE AGES OF MAN IN THEIR CALENDAR ORDER...

JUMPIN' FIREBALLS! LOOK!

THE FIRST LETTER OF EACH AGE SPELLS ISBIS AND BY ADDING "A" WE GET ISBISA!



ICE AGE
STONE
BRONZE
IRON
STEEL
A ----???

HIS NAME REPRESENTS THE AGES! BUT THE "A"... WHAT AGE WOULD THAT REPRESENT?



IT'S OBVIOUS! "A" WOULD BE THE PRESENT AGE... AND THE AGE OF THE FUTURE — THE ATOMIC AGE!

WE'VE BEEN FOOLS! THIS CHALLENGE WAS A RED HERRING! IT WAS A RUSE TO SEND US AFTER SMALL CRIMES SO ISBISA WOULD BE FREE TO PURSUE HIS MAIN CRIME!

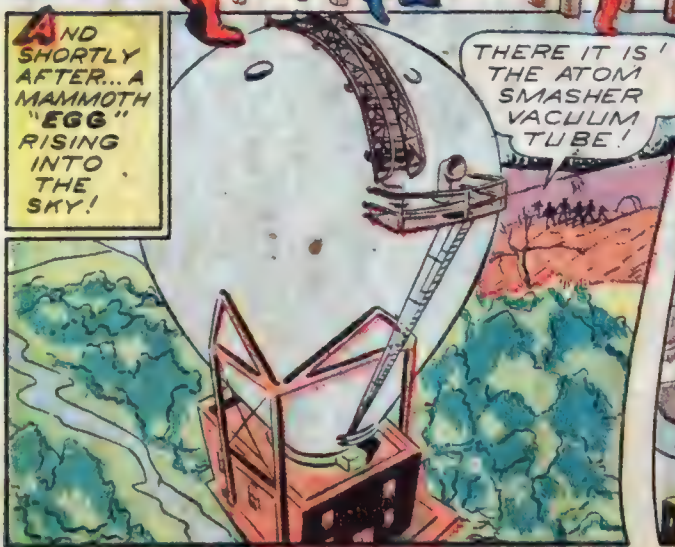
THE STEALING OF THE ATOMIC BOMB!



ISBISA THOUGHT WE'D BE KEPT BUSY, BUT WE'RE FASTER THAN HE FIGURED!

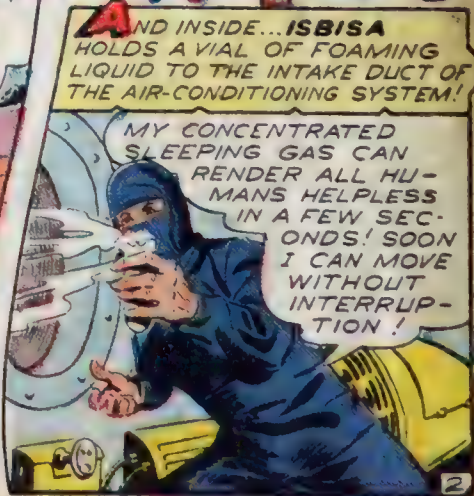
AND WHILE WE'RE SITTING HERE, HE'S GOING AFTER THAT BOMB! C'MON --- WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

AND SHORTLY AFTER... A MAMMOTH "EGG" RISING INTO THE SKY!

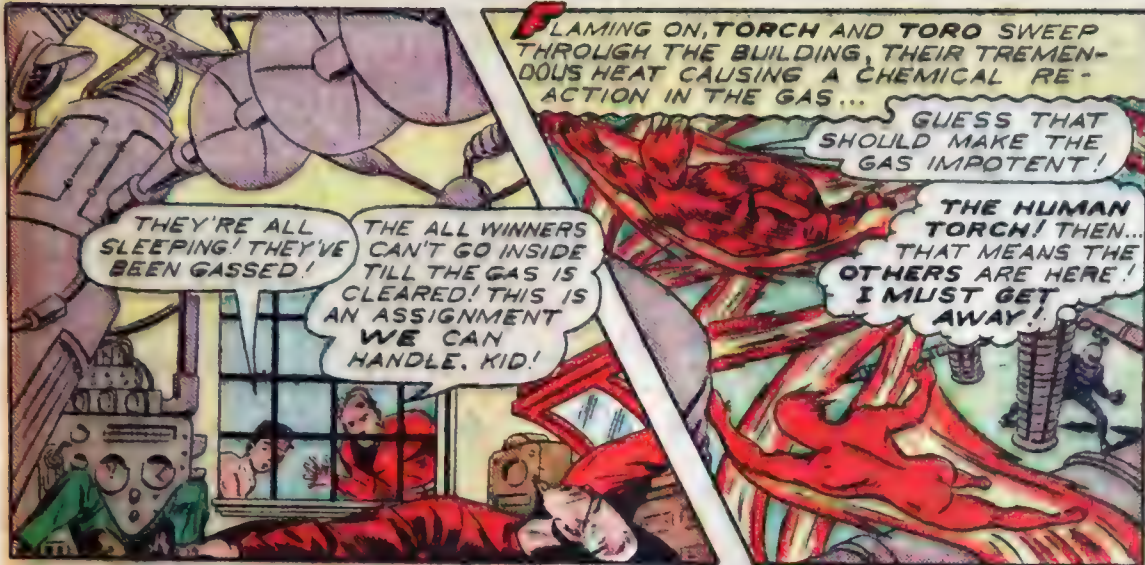


THERE IT IS! THE ATOM SMASHER VACUUM TUBE!

AND INSIDE... ISBISA HOLDS A VIAL OF FOAMING LIQUID TO THE INTAKE DUCT OF THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM!



MY CONCENTRATED SLEEPING GAS CAN RENDER ALL HUMANS HELPLESS IN A FEW SECONDS! SOON I CAN MOVE WITHOUT INTERRUPTION!



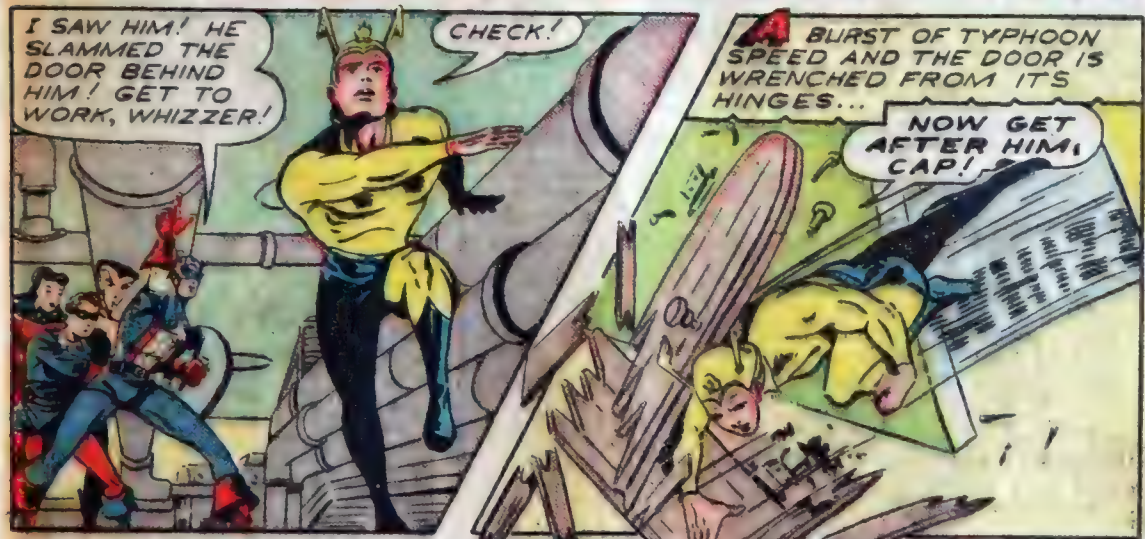
FLAMING ON, TORCH AND TORO SWEEP THROUGH THE BUILDING, THEIR TREMENDOUS HEAT CAUSING A CHEMICAL REACTION IN THE GAS...

GUESS THAT SHOULD MAKE THE GAS IMPOTENT!

THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING! THEY'VE BEEN GASSED!

THE ALL WINNERS CAN'T GO INSIDE TILL THE GAS IS CLEARED! THIS IS AN ASSIGNMENT WE CAN HANDLE, KID!

THE HUMAN TORCH! THEN... THAT MEANS THE OTHERS ARE HERE! I MUST GET AWAY!

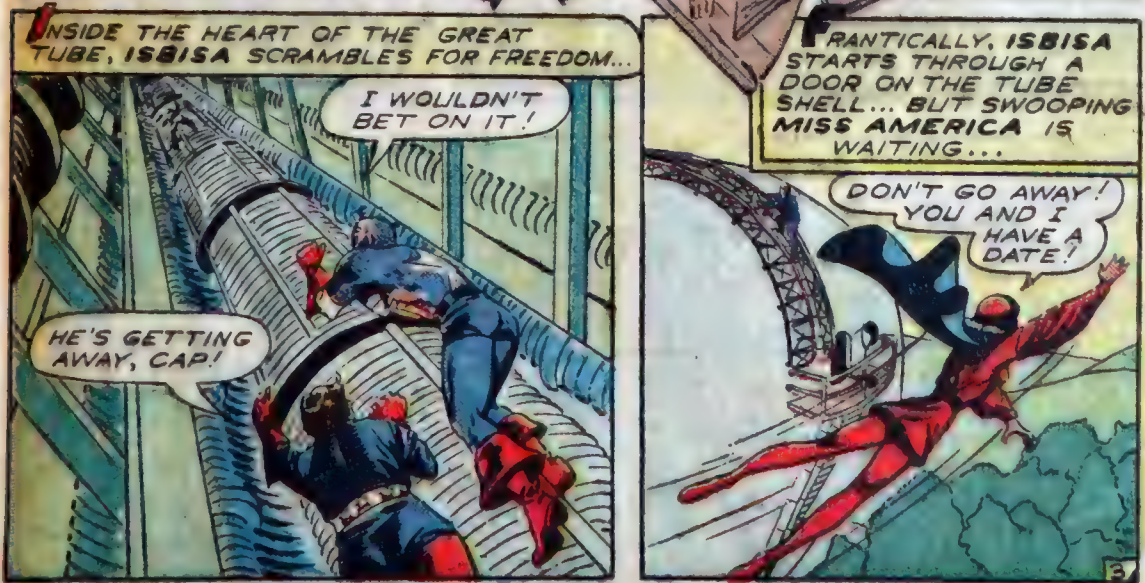


I SAW HIM! HE SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM! GET TO WORK, WHIZZER!

CHECK!

A BURST OF TYPHOON SPEED AND THE DOOR IS WRENCHED FROM ITS HINGES...

NOW GET AFTER HIM, CAP!



INSIDE THE HEART OF THE GREAT TUBE, ISBISA SCRAMBLES FOR FREEDOM...

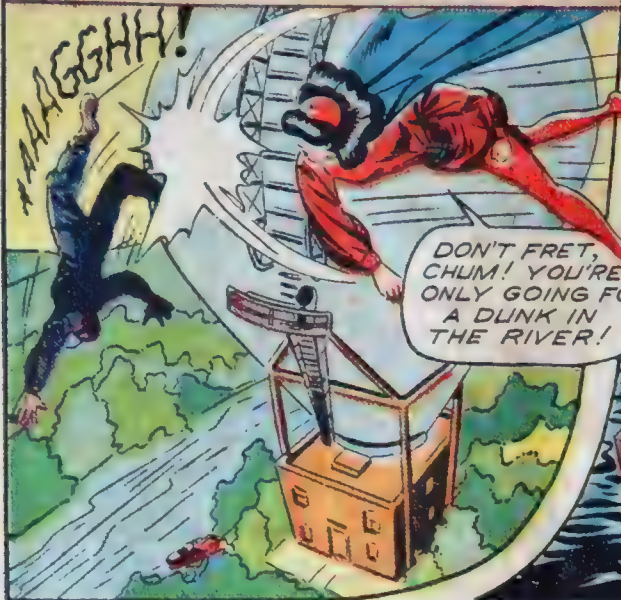
I WOULDN'T BET ON IT!

HE'S GETTING AWAY, CAP!

FRANTICALLY, ISBISA STARTS THROUGH A DOOR ON THE TUBE SHELL... BUT SWOOPING MISS AMERICA IS WAITING...

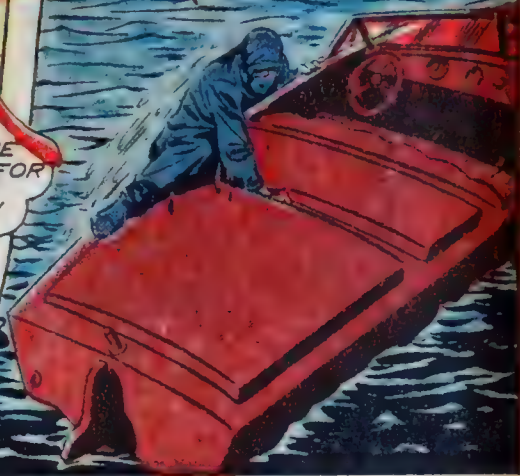
DON'T GO AWAY! YOU AND I HAVE A DATE!

ONE SMALL BUT COMPACT FIST CONNECTS, AND ISBISA TOTTERS BACK... AND TUMBLES...

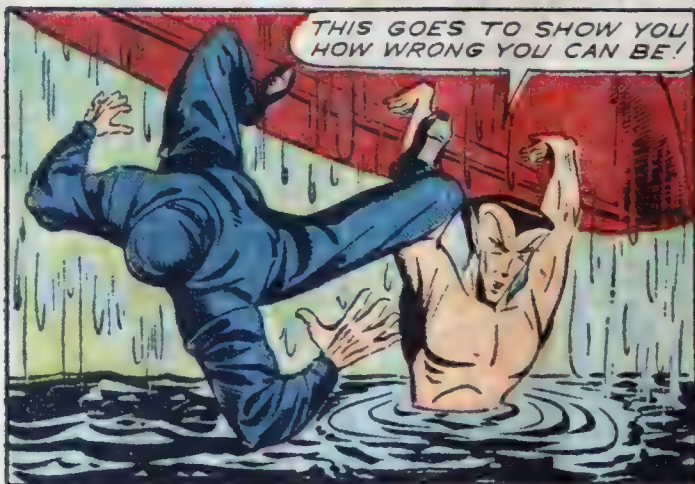


PUT DOWN BELOW...

HA! THE AIR IN MY RUBBER SUIT KEPT ME AFLOAT! I CAN GET AWAY NOW!



THIS GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW WRONG YOU CAN BE!



LATER...

NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE!



MEKE! THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR'S LITTLE SECRETARY!



YES... MEKE! BUT FOR YOU, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!

DICTATORS! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THEM! ATOMIC POWER MUST BE USED FOR PEACE, NOT WARS! IT MUST BE USED TO MAKE LIFE BETTER FOR ALL PEOPLE! THE COMING ATOMIC AGE IS NOT FOR ONE MAN - IT IS FOR THE COMMON MAN - FOR ALL MANKIND!

THE END



Amazing Ever Popular Scene in Action

Forest Fire Lamp is Back Again

MOTION:
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COLORS:
EXCITING:

So real it defies ready detection.

Only technicolor rivals the beauty of moving flames sweeping thru a pine forest.

Makes everyone who sees it gasp with wonder.

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Same Price As Before the War!

Improved model is back...9½ inches high with a circumference of 17 inches. Base and top made of sturdy plastic.

\$4.95

NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

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FOR PROMPT
ACTION

Send for LAMP ON APPROVAL!
TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Fill in coupon and mail today. Send no money. When your gorgeous Forest Fire Lamp arrives just deposit \$4.95 plus postage through postman. Show it to your family and friends. Use it yourself in your home for ten days at our risk. Then if you aren't so delighted with your bargain that you won't want to give it up for all the world, return it and get your money back. **DON'T WAIT, BUT WRITE TODAY!**

If you act now you will receive absolutely **FREE** as a reward for promptness, a marvelous **WONDER LEAF**. So startling, so beautiful that it causes comment wherever seen. You simply pin the **WONDER LEAF** to your curtain, it lives on air alone and grows unique, amazing plants. So act now. Take advantage of this sensational offer now because it may be withdrawn at any time because of limited supplies.

PIN AMAZING LEAF IN YOUR CURTAIN

WONDER LEAF lives on air alone. Called the "Leaf of Life," this amazing tropical **WONDER LEAF** grows on air alone, pinned to curtain or wall. Most important, each leaf produces delicate plants which, cut and planted in pots, will grow plants two feet high with brilliant, multi-colored, pendulous flowers. **YOU GET THIS FREE FOR PROMPT ACTION IN ORDERING YOUR FOREST FIRE LAMP.**

Mail this
10 DAY
TRIAL
COUPON

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

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Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of lamp (or lamps) on guarantee that I may use it 10 full days and return it if not satisfied and get full refund. (Send money with order—Scene-In-Action Lamp Co. will pay postage).

☐ Forest Fire Lamp, \$4.95 ☐ Niagara Falls Lamp, \$4.95

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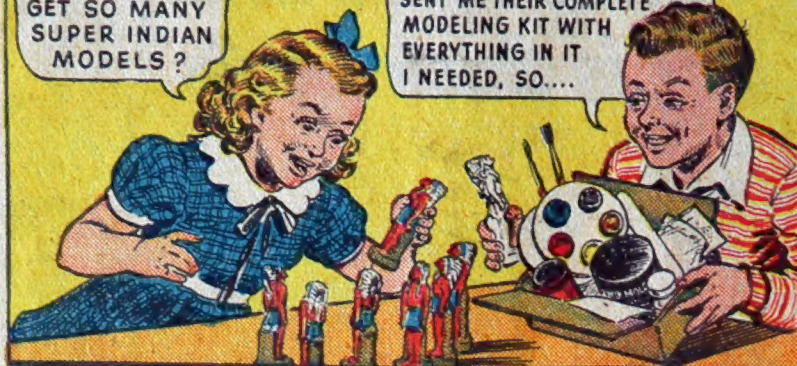
SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY
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and Over—Reproduce in
Quantity! Loads of Fun,
a Great Hobby, You Can
Even Start Your Own
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Kit Contains 14 Different Items—Everything You Need!
FAMOUS INDIAN WARRIOR
MODEL IN BRIGHT COL-
ORS; GENEROUS SUPPLY OF
LIQUID RUBBER; KWIK-
MOLD MOLDING POWDER;
SUBJECT, SHELLAC FOR
FASTENING TO BASE;
BRUSH FOR SPREADING
RUBBER; EXTRA BRUSH;
CAUZE; SANDPAPER; TAL-
CUM FOR DUSTING;
TALCUM PAD; SPATULA;
PALETTE OF COLORS TO
PAINT MODELS; BOOK OF
INSTRUCTIONS.

.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST POUR KWIK-MOLD
INTO IT. THEN WHEN
IT DRIES, I RE-
MOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD... SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



RUSH THIS COUPON!

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Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Model-
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(Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage). If I'm not com-
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Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

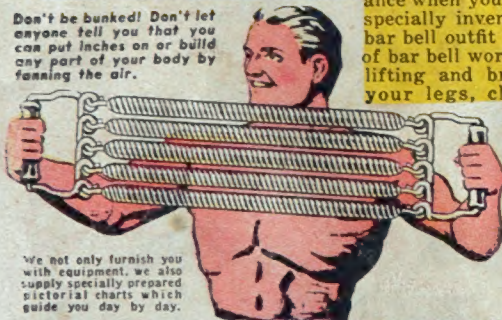
NOW GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

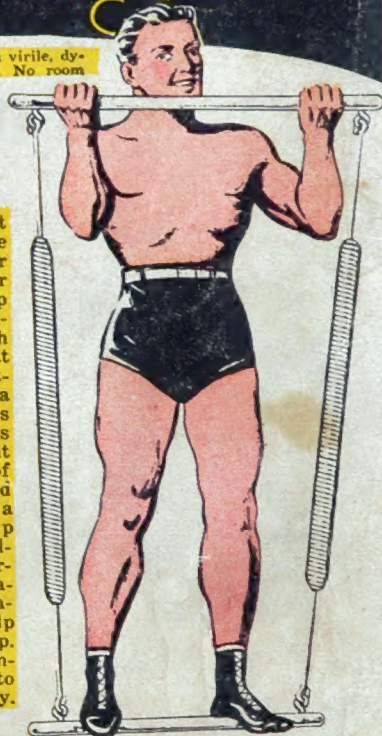
Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.



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Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted, postage on arrival. If you pay postman price plus can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

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New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

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Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

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- ☐ Send Super strength set at \$7.95.

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